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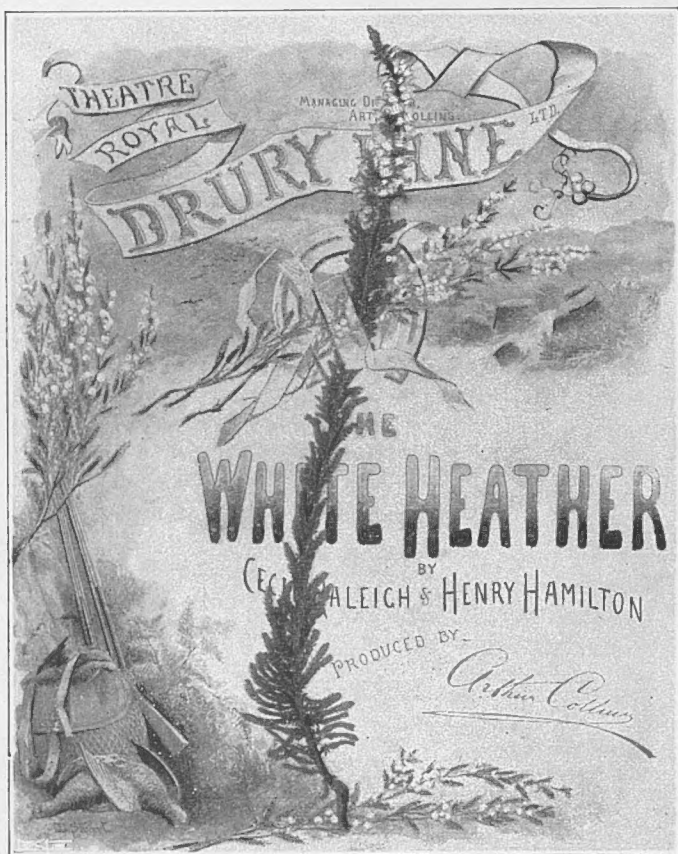
THE IDEAL OPHELIA: MISS ELLEN TERRY.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY WINDOW AND GROVE, BAKER STREET, W.

FROM THE THEATRES.

The past week opened brightly with a clever, amusing farce, "The Purser," by Mr. Day. As is the case also with "One Summer's Day," "The Purser" reaches success not by strength of theme, but by cleverness of treatment. The mystery concerning the Purser's bride, whom he brings clandestinely on board the *Kangaroo*, and passes as a spinster, is very soon revealed to the audience, and yet for nearly two hours the audience rejoices in the bewilderment of the characters of the piece, and also in the punishment of the Purser, for certainly the poor man suffered a good deal from the attentions of Betty, the almost divorcee. Miss Kate Phillips in the part of Betty gave one of the cleverest, brightest pieces of comic acting seen for a long time. Mr. Edward Righton lent quite a graceful touch to the comic part of the little Captain who over-celebrates his birthday, and Miss Adie Burt played very prettily as the heroine.

It will not be surprising if the success of "La Périchole" brings about quite a revival of Offenbach, and also of Lecoq. The experiment of putting on a twenty-nine-year-old opera-bouffe seemed dangerous, but the result is most satisfactory. No doubt the success was in a large measure due to the work of Miss Florence St. John, who retains enough of her charm to fascinate the old playgoer and also those who cannot remember the days when she took London by storm. A great success was made by Mr. John Le Hay in the part of the Viceroy, which he



FRONT OF THE PROGRAMME.

rendered exceedingly amusing. If the revival of comic opera really comes, Mr. Le Hay will be one of the important features in it, since he can act admirably and sing very well. Quite a little "hit" was made by Mr. Poulton in the burlesque part of the Prisoner of Chilon. One regrets that Miss Emmie Owen and Miss Maggie Roberts have not greater scope for showing their gifts.

The great event of a very pleasant week in the theatres undoubtedly was the production at the Comedy of "One Summer's Day." No doubt two opinions have been expressed concerning Mr. Esmond's play, but the audience was quite enthusiastic. He has written a pretty comedy which causes a laugh or a tear in every scene, which is full of clever little touches of life, and shows real observation; which, even when the fun is most boisterous, keeps well within bounds of comedy; which also is pure and healthy in spirit throughout. No doubt there is some truth in the charges made against the play. One cannot help falling in love with Major Rudyard—and with "Kiddy," who never appears—and yet it is far from easy to believe that his self-sacrificing conduct is quite human. Friendship may be very strong, but it is difficult to believe in the friendship that causes Dick to give up his obvious chance of winning Maysie, whom he loves, to his friend Phil Marsden, but still more difficult is it to accept the idea that, in pursuit of this self-sacrifice, he would allow Maysie wrongly to look upon him as a scoundrel. "People don't do such things as that"—at least, I am sure that Judge Brack would have said so. Nevertheless, so great is the art of Mr. Esmond, and charming the work of Mr. Charles Hawtrej, that it is easy to love Dick without believing in him, and, loving him, to be charmed by the play. The difficulty of believing in Dick is enhanced by the fact that in one very funny scene he shows himself a clever diplomatist. Chiara the Gipsy comes to blackmail him. His adopted child "Kiddy" is really the son of

Chiara, and the woman believes correctly that, rather than give up the child to her, Dick will make any financial sacrifice. Yet so cleverly does Dick handle her that the Gipsy is duped and becomes afraid that she will actually be burthened with the child that she does not want. I ought to pause and say that Miss Constance Collier, who looks superb as a Gipsy, played the part very cleverly. There is a child in the piece with whom we become really acquainted—"the Urchin," a funny little woodland scamp, full of almost impish tricks, and cunning as a monkey; young Master Bottomley acted with amazing ability in the part and delighted the audience. The performance of Miss Eva Moore as Maysie is a really beautiful piece of acting. At one or two moments there seemed a little indecision in Mr. Hawtrej's efforts as an emotional actor, but he reached complete success in the end.

I doubt whether anyone will deny that "The White Heather" is one of the best of Drury Lane dramas. The play is an excellent specimen of melodrama, rich in easy humour and effective situations, and does great credit to Messrs. Cecil Raleigh and Henry Hamilton. The spectacular effects are quite remarkable, and, presented merely as a set of pictures without a play, would probably fill the house for many weeks. It is difficult to say which is the best; probably the gorgeous scene of the Devonshire—I should say, Shetland—Ball will be the most popular, but I prefer the submarine scene, with the wonderfully contrived fishes and the grim, strange fight of the two divers. It would be difficult to get a better company together. Mrs. John Wood moved the house almost to ecstasy, while the Misses Pattie Browne, Beatrice Lamb, and Kate Rorke were charming. Praise is due to Messrs. J. B. Gordon, E. Lawford, Henry Neville, Robert Loraine, Dawson Milward, and H. de Lange.

OPHELIA I HAVE SEEN.

The revival of "Hamlet" at the Lyceum has induced recollections of the different Ophelias I have seen on the London boards during the last, say, five-and-thirty years. The time is long, but the actresses of position who have essayed to give life to Shakspeare's hapless heroine are but few. The character is but a sketch, and, though one by no means easy to embody, it makes no demands on the highest qualities of the artist, but, for its satisfactory presentment, it requires a refined and poetic temperament, capable of giving expression to the sentimentality with which it is charged. My first Ophelia was the radiant Carlotta Leclercq, who played the part to the Hamlet of Fechter, a Hamlet which still remains to me the most satisfactory I have ever seen. Carlotta Leclercq was a perfect vision of fair loveliness and a mistress of the technicalities of her art, but I then thought her conception lacked intellect and poetry, and my maturer judgment confirms my early impression. My next Ophelia was, I believe, Ellen Terry, and no other actress has charmed me in the part as she has done. I am by no means a thick-and-thin admirer of Miss Terry's art, but there was something in her personality, in her charm of voice and manner, that gave life to the strange creation of the great dramatist. Ellen Terry's Ophelia touched my heart and satisfied my imagination. In 1880 Edwin Booth played a season in London, and Hamlet was one of his rôles. For his Ophelia, Booth chose (or had chosen for him) Miss Gerard, a lady whose success had been won in quite a different line, and whose Ophelia had for me no merits beyond that of a pretty face, which, however, was of a type quite unsuited to the character.

Miss Eastlake was the next actress of importance whom I saw as Ophelia to the Hamlet of Mr. Wilson Barrett. In some quarters Miss Eastlake was pronounced a great success, but, although her conception was in certain respects clever and original, it was melodramatic, not poetic, and her "make-up" was as pronounced as some of her stage effects. Miss Eastlake had a strange exit in that scene, tearing down the curtain of the doorway as she passed through it. The uncharitable said that on the first night this was accidental, but it was favourably noticed, and nightly curtain and house were brought down. In Mr. Barrett's next revival of the play, at the rebuilt Olympic, Miss Winifred Emery made a very tender and wistful Ophelia.

Mrs. F. R. Benson, in the course of her husband's interesting series of Shaksperian revivals at the Globe, played Ophelia with much pathos and charm, her mad scene being particularly effective. More recently Mrs. Tree has played Ophelia, and she has done so with a sweetness and tenderness which, I confess, considering her usual methods, have surprised me. Miss Lily Hanbury's recent appearance in the part was intelligent, as, indeed, in all that she attempts, but there is in her art a robust quality which, though invaluable in another line of characters, is scarcely suited to the fragile heroine of "Hamlet." With regard to Mrs. Patrick Campbell's Ophelia, I would not wish to demur to the general consensus of dramatic criticism, which has decided against it. Her Juliet was lamentable; her Ophelia has the same modern rendering, while added to it we have, instead of pathos, a mincing sentimentality.

It seems strange that so few actresses of front rank have played Ophelia, but in most cases I suppose they have had no opportunity. I cannot recall Adelaide Neilson in the part. Miss Marion Terry made her début as Ophelia at the Crystal Palace, but to my regret I have never seen this fine actress in the rôle. Mrs. Kendal has never, I believe, essayed it, not even in her girlish days. Miss Alma Murray's gifts should make her a tender and poetic Ophelia, but she has never played it, as far as I am aware—at any rate, in the Metropolis. The Desdemona of Miss Maud Jeffries recently gave promise that, whenever Mr. Wilson Barrett revives "Hamlet," the leading lady of his company will be by no means the least notable of latter-day Ophelias.

AN OLD PLAYGOER.

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A GUTTER HAMLET.

King Street, Hammersmith, was thronged with its usual Saturday-night crowd of bargaining wives, vegetable and shell-fish vendors, blind ballad-singers, and blue-scarved youths with concertinas. At the corner of The Grove my way was barred by a crowd, and from the centre of the crowd there came, in a rich, rolling bass, the lines—

To sleep! perchance to dream—ay, there's the rub;
For in that sleep of death what dreams may come. . . .

I wriggled myself forward, and beheld in the light of the street-lamp—the Gutter Hamlet. He was lank, blue-chinned, apparently of middle-age, and his mournful-looking visage seemed strangely familiar. Dressed for the part in a cloak of inky blackness, he was, with robust elocution and much vigorous, not to say violent, gesture, reciting the "To be, or not to be" soliloquy to the respectful and attentive crowd. Reaching the end, he doffed his slouch-hat with a flourish, and proceeded to canvass his hearers. Coppers clinked merrily for about half a minute; then, as a volley of oaths and a female scream proclaimed the progress of a "row" outside a neighbouring tavern, the fickle audience dispersed as though by magic, leaving Hamlet to count his gains.

He had just transferred the latter to his pocket, and was carefully putting on his hat, when his eye met mine. "Seems to be trouble yonder," he remarked, indicating with an airy wave of his hand the adjacent public-house. "Yes," I answered. "How's business?" "Business, sir, might be better, and might be worse. A dry business, though, at its best." . . . Two rums served to loosen Hamlet's tongue.

"No, I don't do so badly," he said; "three pounds a-week—sometimes more. But then, you see, Shakspeare in the street is a new idea. The ordinary reciter gives 'em 'The Fireman's Wedding,' 'Billy's Rose,' and so forth—good things in their way, but worked to death, sir; worked to death. My public appreciates Shakspeare, and appreciates elocution. Where did I pick up my art? I was at the — Theatre for nearly ten years, and I've appeared at the majority of the best provincial houses."

My companion paused, emptied his glass, and resumed more cheerfully: "But, there! I pick no quarrel with my bread-and-butter. I've struck out in a new line, and, in my humble way, I'm educating the public to appreciate the bard. No, I don't confine myself to the soliloquy you heard. The 'Address to the Players' is very popular; so are several of the long passages from 'Othello' and 'The Merchant of Venice.' Then, besides Shakspeare, I sometimes give 'Eugene Aram' and portions of 'Marmion,' and I am gradually adding to my repertoire. I haven't tried the provinces yet, London not having tired of me."

It was not until I reached home that I suddenly remembered where I had seen him before. When I was an ardent playgoer, there was a "super" at the — Theatre who used to cause general amusement by the energetic earnestness with which he went through his part as one of a "crowd" and the flourish with which he was wont to shoulder his banner. The Gutter Hamlet was that "super."

"FRANCILLON," AT THE DUKE OF YORK'S THEATRE.

It has taken the fascinating, headstrong Francillon de Riverolles ten years to travel to London, and it is to be feared that her visit is a little late or early. Had she come when the so-called problem-play was in vogue, or when it is in vogue again—as surely will be the case—the chance of success would be infinitely greater than at present. For to-day a piece, the crux of which is the question whether the heroine is truthful when she deliberately charges herself with infidelity to her husband, seems a little shocking at a moment when we are all for romance, pretty sentiment, or mere laughter. However, the ability of Alexandre Dumas the younger in construction, character-drawing, and dialogue-writing is so great that, even when represented by an arranged version of his piece not quite brilliantly acted, he triumphs to some extent. One cannot but feel deep interest in the question of Francillon's innocence, and in the efforts of her husband and friends to find the answer. The task is most difficult, because of the truth of nine-tenths of her compromising story: only two human beings know the truth or falsehood of her story—her alleged lover and herself. Even when the identity of the alleged lover is disclosed by a kind of accident, the truth-hunters seem as far off as ever. The young notary's clerk, who supped at three o'clock in the morning with Francillon in the *cabinet particulier*, No. 9 at the Maison d'Or, and, much against his will, was compelled to allow her to pay for the supper, was content to give the idea that the worst had happened, but absolutely refused to say anything definite. So the husband, who, by his unfaithfulness—an unfaithfulness without the excuse of real passion—has driven his wife almost to madness, remains for a while tortured by a terror the more terrible because clouded by doubt lest his wife has carried out her threat of "an eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth." The piece does not end tragically. Even in the original the conclusion is happy, and, were it otherwise, probably it would have been changed for our market. Pride rescues Francillon, for when, as a desperate trick, her husband tells her that the notary's clerk professes that she has been his mistress, she declares indignantly that he is a liar, and a reconciliation between husband and wife takes place.

The piece demands acting of the highest order, and it is not surprising that even such clever people as the beautiful Mrs. Brown-Potter and the popular Mr. Kyle Bellew were not entirely successful in their heavy tasks. Miss Grace Noble played very prettily in the part of a French ingénue, and work of merit was done by Miss Vane and Mr. Arthur Elwood. The piece is handsomely mounted.

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September 1897. HENRY OAKLEY, General Manager, G.N.R.
GEORGE S. GIBB, General Manager, N.E.R.

HUMBER CYCLES.—There is no greater mistake than to think
that Messrs. Humber exclusively manufacture Expensive Machines. On the contrary,
their Coventry Cycles can be purchased retail (fully guaranteed) for £15 (Gentlemen's) and
£15 15s. (Lady's). For Catalogue and name of nearest Agent apply to
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SMALL TALK.

The recent death of the Marquis of Northampton, and the translation of his son, Earl Compton, to the Upper House, reminds me that the family of Northampton, the Spencer-Comptons, are the ground-landlords of a great London estate. No fashionable mansions, no West-End emporiums, stand on the soil which calls the Marquis of Northampton owner. The Spencer-Compton estate is in the busy precincts of that district presumably devoted to the manufacture of watches and clocks and yeleft Clerkenwell. Here once stood Northampton House—indeed, divided into tenements, it may, for aught I know, still exist in diminished splendour—and on what was once the stately garden of the mansion is built Northampton Square. The names of the adjoining streets—Compton, Northampton, Perceval, Spencer, Wyngate, and Ashby—all speak of the Northampton ownership, and recall the names of their own ancient family as well as one with which marriage connected them, together with the names of some of the family possessions in more distant counties. Lord Compton, who now comes to the title, is, I fancy, something of a Radical; which side, I wonder, would he have espoused in the times of the "martyred Stewart"? His forebears in those days were enthusiastic Cavaliers; one shed his blood in heroic fashion at the battle of Hopton Heath; another supported the Merry Monarch in all his vicissitudes, and, on his triumphal entry into London in 1660, headed a band of two hundred gentlemen attired in grey and blue.

The recent disaster to crews belonging to Fair Isle reminds us of the wild romantic bargain which our remote islanders make with fate for a livelihood. The accident, as will be remembered, resulted in the death of eight men, whose melancholy removal has left destitute four widows and twenty-eight dependents. Those who are familiar with the wave-swept Orcades well know how commonly in these islands one meets with lonely women who mourn their supporter drowned at sea. Fair Isle will now have more than its full share of these sufferers. On Thursday, Sept. 2, four skiffs set forth in fair weather, to barter vegetables, poultry, and hosiery with passing vessels. Towards evening the weather changed, and a strong north-west wind began to blow. Two of the skiffs made the shore in safety, but the other two were missing all night. The islanders during that period of suspense must have realised the situation of Kingsley's ballad, and in the morning there was good cause for women to weep. All night the whole population feverishly awaited news at the post-office, and with the dawn one of the boats was desered. The rescue crew put off, to find that of the skiff's seven occupants four were dead, while three were hopelessly exhausted. Among the dead was James Irvine Stonybrake, who leaves a widow, three children, and an aged mother. The portrait of this now headless family circle I reproduce herewith. Subscriptions in aid of the sufferers will be



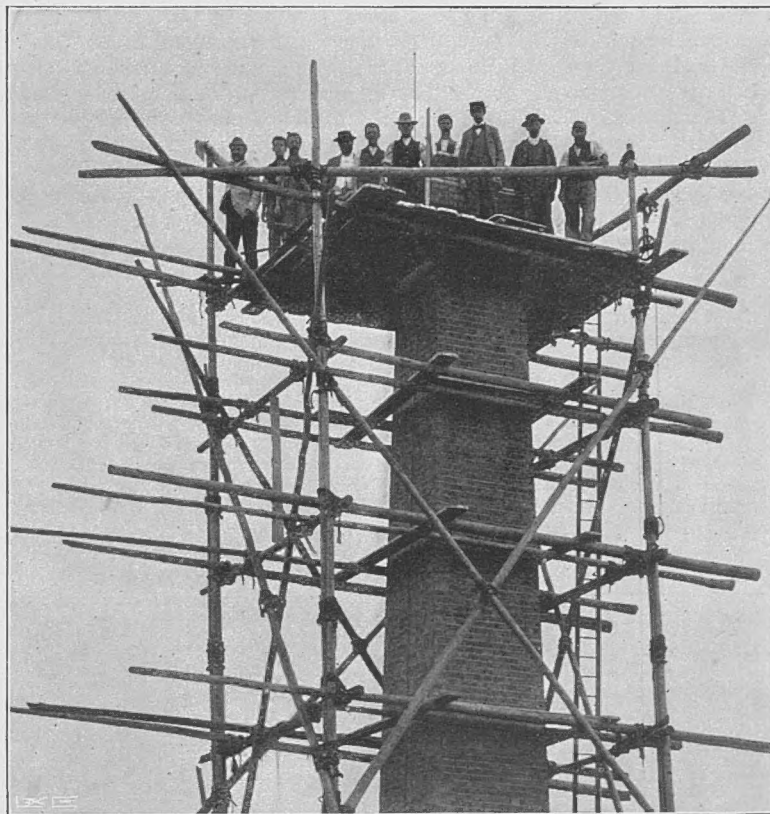
JAMES IRVINE STONYBRAKE AND HIS FAMILY.

received and acknowledged by the Shipwrecked Fishermen and Mariners Royal Benevolent Society, 26, Suffolk Street, Pall Mall East, S.W.

The enforced retirement of Sir Arthur Haliburton from the post of Permanent Under-Secretary at the War Office, enforced by the age rule, so difficult to set aside, robs the Civil Service of one who has been peculiarly successful in the fulfilment of duties which require for their proper discharge not only great experience and knowledge of special subjects, but what is rarer, no small degree of native tact. It is probably to his possession of this invaluable quality that Sir Arthur Haliburton

owes much of his popularity. It may not be generally known that Sir Arthur is a son of that Judge Haliburton of Nova Scotia who gave to the world the once popular work "Sam Slick."

When a lofty shaft is nearly completed, and before the scaffolding is removed and it is left to brave the elements, a little ceremony is sometimes held on lines equivalent to those associated with the launching



CHRISTENING A CHIMNEY.

Photo by Newman, Great Berkhamstead.

of a ship or the laying of a foundation-stone. No wine is spilt, however, and any liquid that is used at the christening is not wasted on the chimney. I believe the workmen are particularly happy if they can secure a novice who will lay the last brick, and "pay his footing." The shaft whose "christening" is here illustrated has been built to supplement another at the Berkhamstead Waterworks, so that there must have been plenty of water handy for the ceremony. Under the circumstances it ought to have been a specially teetotal affair.

From every holiday quarter I hear complaints of a bad season. That wonderful Jubilee is said to be the reason of it all, but I don't quite see how that is possible. At any rate, people are returning to town with all the speed they may, and that, too, without regret, for, after all, a holiday is only a sort of medicine to people who lead busy lives, and the seaside is—well, not home. For myself, I feel like this—

Thank goodness, the season is over
Which crowded the bathing-machine;
And back comes the City-bred rover—
The clerk and the bishop and dean.
The country, the cattle, the clover,
Are all very well in recess;
And the beach may deter,
But I greatly prefer
My Strand with a capital S.
October's in front with its rigour,
And bathers must certainly flit;
And back comes the maritime nigger
To strum at the door of the pit.
He can't very well cut a figure
And pipe to a tenantless sand,
But, though leaving the sea,
And the shrimps-with-your-tea,
He is true, as of yore, to his Strand.
The children who spent their devotion
(And pence) on the mild little moke,
May see it—afar from the ocean—
Trot out with a Whitechapel "bloke."
You can't have the billowy motion
A-lapping the pier (with the band).
Ships pass out of sight
In the day or the night—
Yet Nelson looks down on our Strand.
Good-bye to the hills and the heather,
They're all very well for a time,
But they're largely dependent on weather
(Like the strange requisition of rhyme).
So I'm glad to be back on the tether,
Instead of careering the land,
For I dawdle and sleep
When I drowse by the deep,
But I wake when I enter the Strand.

There is a "boom" in Ireland just now, and there has been a marked increase this year in the tourist incursion into that picturesque and beautiful country. I give opposite another glimpse of one of its wildest and most fascinating aspects. The traveller through Ireland cannot do better than spend a few days at Cashel, with its marvellous delights of mountain and bay, and its intense sense of solitude. If, in addition to being a tourist, he is also a brother of the angler, he will not be content with a few days, but will fix himself indefinitely at Mr. O'Loughlin's charming hotel by the waterside at Cashel. Mr. John O'Loughlin is something more than a hotel-keeper; he is a genial host, worthy of a more romantic age than our own. In his Visitors' Book are the names of many famous men—of Lord Crewe, of Mr. Arthur Balfour, and numbers of others who have spent pleasant hours shooting and fishing in the locality, and Mr. O'Loughlin has decorated the walls of his rooms with portraits of many of the worthies who have from time to time visited his house. In addition to being a successful hotel-keeper, Mr. O'Loughlin is a Justice of the Peace. One of the charms of the Cashel Hotel which should not be ignored is its wonderful oysters. That delicacy flourishes at Cashel to such an extent that I should not be surprised some day to find a new Irish industry developed, in the shape of Connemara oyster-beds.

The following little letter and its accompanying photograph speak for themselves more characteristically than I could hope to do—

London, Sept. 14, 1897.

DEAR MR. EDITOR,—I am sending you a photo of our "family." Father has a camera, and so one wet day he took this for us. My sister and I arranged them all. The long tail of baby's monkey looked so funny when it was being developed. A friend of ours who takes in *The Sketch* said I should write to you and send you a photo, and perhaps you might find a little corner for it. I hope you will. We did have such fun over it! Don't you think they sat nicely? Better than we should! I am eight years old and one month.—Your little friend, DORIS.



"OUR FAMILY."

The death of Lieut.-Colonel Charles Berkeley Pigott, C.B., D.S.O., the only son of Sir Charles Pigott, has not attracted as much notice as might have been expected, considering his services to his country. Although only in his thirty-ninth year, he possessed a record that could hardly be surpassed by any officer of his rank. He joined the King's Royal Rifles from the Militia in 1879, and in 1883 was specially promoted to a troop in the 21st Hussars (now Lancers). His war services included the Zulu and Transvaal Campaigns, Egyptian War of 1882, Soudan Expedition 1884-5, Yonni Expedition 1887-8, and Ashanti Expedition 1895-6. Most of his service was with the Mounted Infantry, and he was an exceptionally able officer. He was dangerously wounded at Kassassin, and was many times mentioned in despatches. He was appointed British Resident at Kumasi only last year, at the end of the Ashanti Campaign, and fell a victim to the pestilential climate. With all his service and his eight decorations, he was but a regimental Major at his death.

I have to offer my apologies to Mr. J. C. Dollman for a stupid misspelling of his name which occurred in the last issue, where I published a very charming picture by him, entitled "Chance Companions." Mr. Dollman is too distinguished an artist for there to be much excuse for the mistake. He has for some years been well known as a member of the Royal Institute of Painters in Water-Colours, and also as a member of the Institute of Painters in Oils.

"What Happened to Jones," a farce by George H. Broadhurst, already performed for acting-right purposes in London, where it may be regularly produced by-and-by, has been successfully brought out in America. Jones, in escaping from a police raid at a glove-fight, leaves one of his coat-tails in a constable's hands, and much fun results from this cloth *pièce à servir*, a Bishop, indeed, being arrested in Jones's stead while wearing the latter's clothes, minus the incriminating coat-tail. Briskly played, this farce might cause as much amusement in London as "Miss Francis" of Yale is now doing.

The scribes, not only of this world, but of the next, if, indeed, they have a current literature in the Inferno, Paradiso, or Purgatorio, ought to feel honoured in these latter days, for their well-being is cared for by an enterprising manufacturing house in Birmingham. Last month all the contributors to the *English Illustrated Magazine* were singled out for the firm's bounty, with the most comical result, for among the packets addressed to the care of the *E. I. M.* office was one directed to Mr. Richard Lovelace, 198, Strand. The missive was appropriately marked with the request "Please forward," and this would, of course, have been complied with at once had the editor known in which of Dante's three hereafters the gallant Cavalier is now taking his ease, or the reverse. Considering, therefore, that the missive was strictly a "Dead Letter," the editor felt justified in opening it. Secure of his friend Dick Lovelace's approval, the editor broke the seal and found—samples of steel pens!

Then the joke developed apace. Mr. Lovelace was first invited to test the samples, and to order any he approved of his regular stationer, "who, if he has not the special pen in stock, can get supply always by return of post." "The pens," it was declared, "were adapted for book-work, correspondence, or the aristocratic style." Possibly Mr. Lovelace would incline to the last. Then came another card, bearing a pen and the legend, "Supplied where you got the sample, three shillings and sixpence per gross, or in sixpenny boxes." Another slip set forth to Mr. Lovelace that, in event of "difficulty in obtaining supply of local stationers" (the English bears a droll construction), "please send stamps or postal order to the undersigned, and what you require will be sent by return." A directed envelope was enclosed. Whether Mr. Lovelace finds difficulty "in obtaining supply of local stationers" or not, it is a pity, supposing he continues his literary recreations, and needs a good pen occasionally, that he should have passed whither mundane missives cannot follow him, whence "stamps or postal orders" cannot be received. His loss had, however, been sorer had the advertiser offered good grey goose quill instead of steel. But perhaps not, for it may be that Juno favours the gallant Dick with an occasional feather from the wings of her sacred geese.

Even a Revision Court has its occasional humours. Thus in a London suburb the other day, after several hours spent in arguing for and against claims to vote, the Vestry Clerk informed the Court that throughout the proceedings both the Liberal and Conservative agents had spent their time in objecting to the claims of the supporters of their own party. Then at another Court a deaf claimant wanted a vote, and claimed as the owner of a house, while his daughter averred that he paid rent, and that she was the owner. The Revising Barrister advised them to come again next year and arrange their tale beforehand. Another candidate for the franchise was Edward —, and the Barrister proceeded to strike out the claim, as Edward's second name was not forthcoming. But it turned out that it was not Edward's fault, as his name was "Dash," and by some mistake the symbol had been inserted instead of the surname.

Messrs. Doulton, of the famous Lambeth potteries, who have turned out so many artistic mementos from time to time for more years than one can remember, have just produced a very effective cup in their Doulton ware, which Mr. Lees Knowles, Member for West Salford, has presented to each of the school-children of his parish church near Manchester. The cup bears the inscription, "Fear God, Honour the Queen, and Remember the Sixtieth Year of the Reign of Queen Victoria." The designer is Mr. W. D. Caroe, Architect to the Ecclesiastical Commissioners.

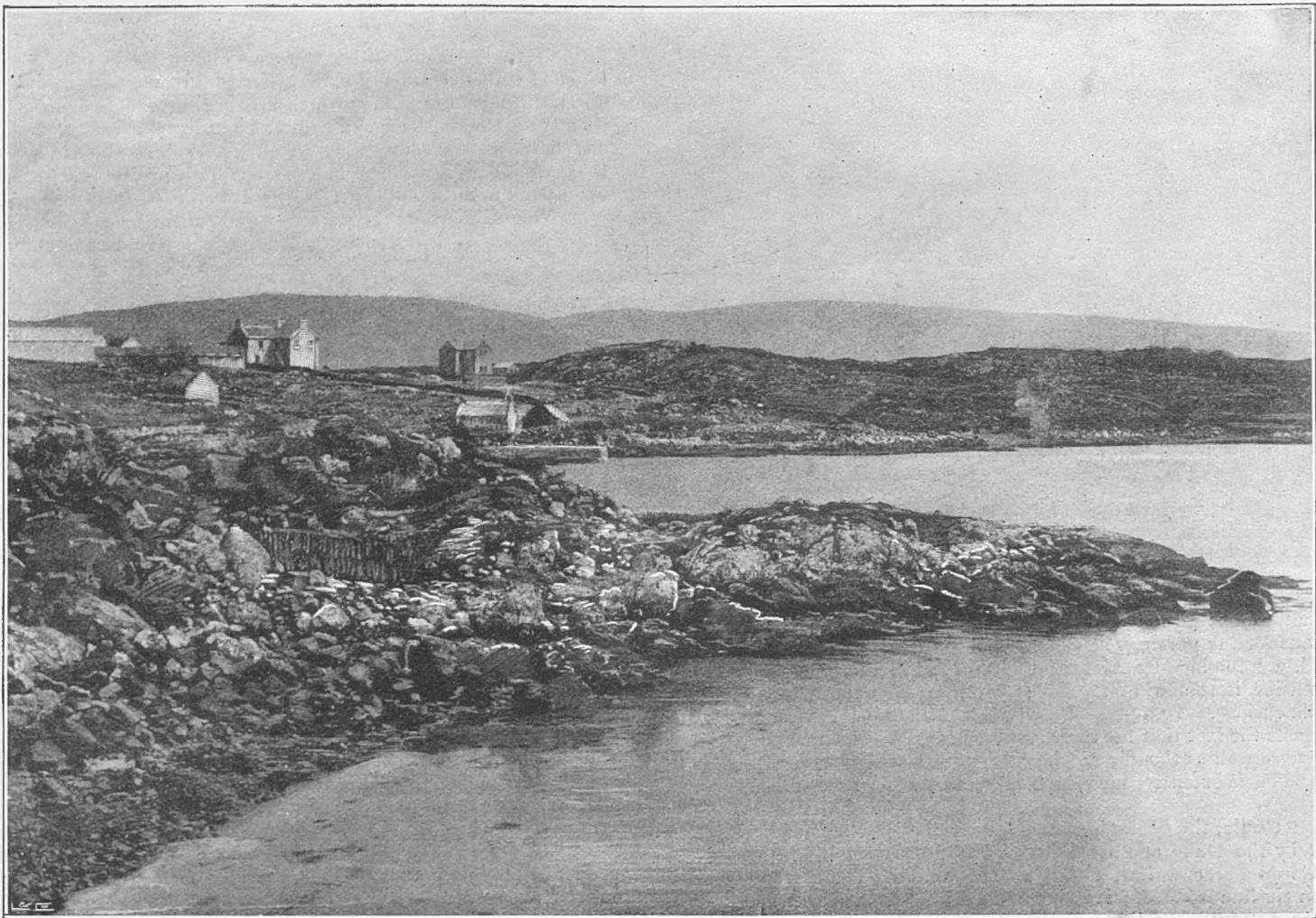


A JUBILEE MUG.

A nonagenarian authoress, Madame du Bos d'Elbheq, has been discovered at Angers, where she has lived in retirement for many years since the deaths of her husband and her son. Madame d'Elbheq, who was born in May 1799, has been a prolific writer of novels, stories, historical works, and so on, and one of her novels, "Le Père Fargeau," for which she obtained a medal, has had more than thirty-three thousand copies sold. This veteran woman of letters is thus regarded as something of a "lioness" even in her declining years.

THE CHARMS OF CONNEMARA.

Photographs by Welch, Belfast.

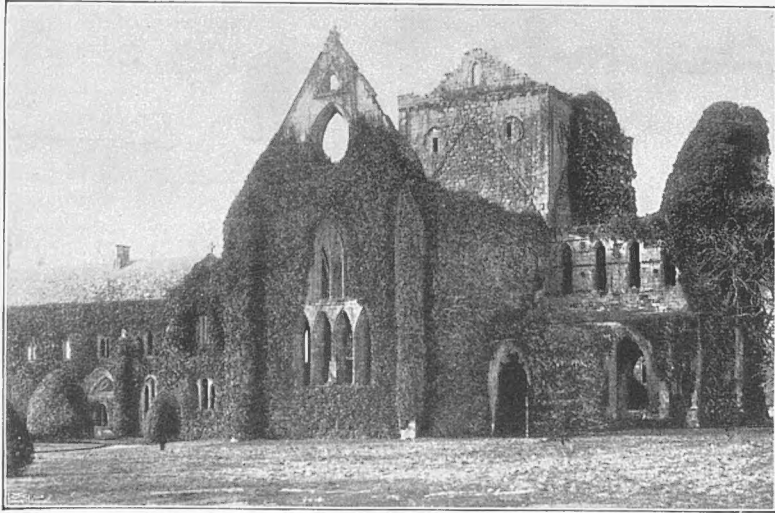


CASHEL BAY.



CASHEL MOUNTAIN AND BAY.

Pluscarden Priory, situated in a beautiful sequestered glen, six miles from Elgin, is the second ecclesiastical ruin in Morayshire—a county richer, perhaps, than any other shire in the kingdom in ruins of this class—which the Marquis of Bute has undertaken to restore. The remains of the edifice in Elgin of what at one time was a monastery of the



PLUSCARDEN PRIORY.

Photo by G. W. Wilson, Aberdeen.

Grey Friars, but has for long, on account of its secluded situation and forsaken condition, been the supposed haunt by the youth of the town of ghostly visitants, was purchased by the Marquis some time ago, and the work of renewal is now proceeding apace. The Priory of Pluscarden, negotiations for the purchase of which from the Duke of Fife have been concluded, was founded by Alexander II. in the thirteenth century. In general outline it somewhat resembles Melrose Abbey, though it is of smaller dimensions. To a present-day visitor its site and environment at once suggests the fact that the early settlers must have had an eye for the picturesque as well as the practical. The work of restoration will, it is reported, be on an extensive scale, involving an outlay of at least £100,000.

Gordon Castle, the Scottish seat of the Duke of Richmond, visited last week by the Duke and Duchess of York, was founded in 1479 by George Gordon, second Earl Huntly. The building has a frontage of close upon six hundred feet; it is surrounded by spacious parks, and near one of the entrances to the grounds stands the monument erected to commemorate the heroism of Major Wilson—a native of the village of Fochabers, which adjoins the Castle—who fell with his comrades-in-arms at the Shangani River. The Castle contains an exceptionally valuable library and a unique collection of paintings by the Old Masters. With the death of George, the fifth Duke of Gordon, in 1836, the dukedom of Gordon became extinct, and the Castle and estates passed to Charles Gordon-Lennox, fifth Duke of Richmond. The dukedom was revived, however, in 1876, in favour of the present Duke, who bears the title of Duke of Richmond and Gordon.

When the proprietor of a grouse-moor, bent on improving the stock of birds on his ground, imports grouse from a distance to turn down, the least the immigrants could do is to stay and provide sport. This, judging from the experience of Mr. James Grant, of Glenlivet, is no part of the programme according to the grouse. In November 1895 Mr. Grant procured eleven brace of birds from Yorkshire, furnished each with a leg-ring marked "G. '95," and turned them down. The season of 1896 yielded only three birds thus marked, but, undaunted by the circumstance, Mr. Grant in November 1896 procured ninety brace of birds from Yorkshire, ringed them, and turned them down. This season, when his bag amounted to 617 brace of grouse, it included a single bird with the "G. '96" ring. The obvious inference is that importing grouse from a distance is not a bad way to improve your neighbour's moor. Fresh blood is an excellent thing, but when other people write to the papers to say they have shot grouse which bear the betraying ring on lands far from yours, the value of imported stock diminishes materially.

The Americans are beginning to feel the claims of antiquity, not very hoary antiquity, of course, but, such as it is, they make the most of it. There is quite a little "preservation-of-historic-buildings" movement in Cambridge, Massachusetts, which has been agitated at a rumour that Elmwood, James Russell Lowell's old home, was threatened with wholesale destruction. The rumour that a New York millionaire had purchased the house and grounds of part of the proposed Lowell memorial park was received the other day with joy, but confirmation of the report hung fire, and Cambridge mourned. Still, it finds comfort in the reflection that the public fund for purchase is almost all subscribed. The house is known to date from 1760, "but was probably erected at an earlier date," says one paper fondly. Elmwood, so named from its encircling trees, is a spacious but unpretentious frame-house of three storeys. On the third floor the late poet had his study, and there wrote many of his poems. The house has a stirring history. In 1774 it was the residence of Thomas Oliver, the last Lieutenant-Governor under the Crown. Elmwood was

besieged, and Oliver was forced to sign his resignation, which he did in a manner becoming the proud Huguenot descendant of French chivalry he was. Elbridge Cerry, one of the signatories to the Declaration of Independence, afterwards occupied the house. From him it passed to the Rev. Charles Lowell, the father of the poet. The house, adds the "other side" paper alluded to, has an air of "dignified antiquity." It is really refreshing to find the historic sentiment springing up thus early among our cousins.

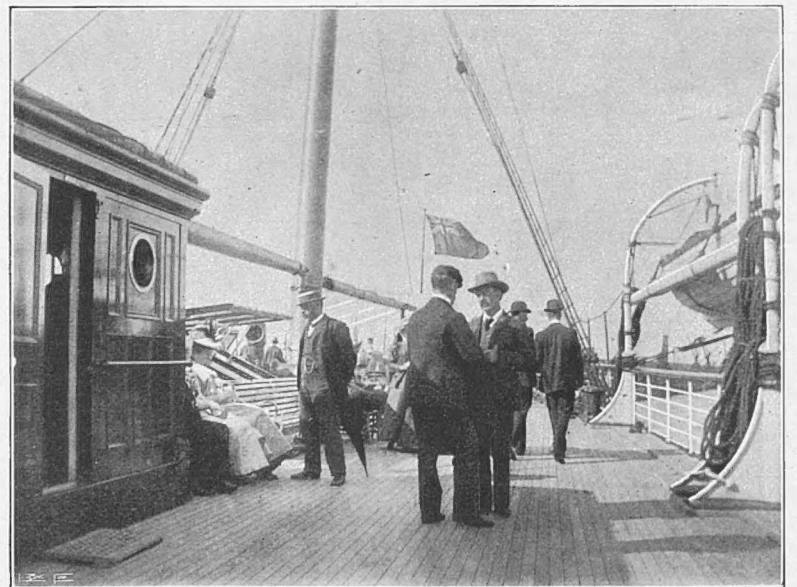
The advertising mania with Americans knows no bounds. They are not satisfied with the walls of underground railroads, with tramcar sides, and the hoardings of buildings which are in course of construction, but they decorate the landscape liberally, painting the rocks, tree-trunks, roofs of barns and farmhouses, one man even selling the right to paint the backs of his pigs, which wandered about near the railroad, so that all who passed might read "Use Toby's Tobacco." On a certain lonely road in New Hampshire is a sign which attracts attention and has become famous. It is fastened to a large old tree, and reads in bold letters—

GET MARRIED HERE,
BUT BUY YOUR
BOOTS AND SHOES
OF
DAY AND HUBBARD,
NASHUA.

The tree is in the dooryard of a neat little white house, and the inquiring stranger learns that "Elder" Palmer, who lives here, has a mania and a record for marrying runaway couples. His house is the Gretna Green for the whole State, and the old minister has a record of hundreds of marriages. For many years his pet hobby has been known to the entire county, but the taking advantage of his sign for advertising purposes was the brilliant idea of a wandering sign-artist who never so much as asked "By your leave" of the "Elder," who, instead of being indignant, was delighted, as he has become famous through his combination sign, for not only have his weddings increased, but the grateful boot-and-shoe firm pays him a tidy little sum each year.

Among the curious answers given by children at examinations, the following, perhaps, are not the least amusing (writes a correspondent). I visited a country school the other day with a friend, and the infants were put through their paces for our benefit. When we came to Natural History the mistress placed the coloured picture of a goat before the children. The first tiny mite pronounced it to be a camel, the next quite seriously expressed the opinion that it was a pigeon! In this connection, I may note that a Boston, United States, paper gives a list of curious answers in American schools. Among the funniest are—"Charlestown is a naval arsenic," "A backbiter is a flea," "Blacksmith is a place where they make horses, because you can see them nailing the feet on," "The nest-egg is the one the hen measures by," and "The four seasons are pepper, salt, mustard, and vinegar."

Here is an interesting little picture showing the husband of Olive Schreiner—South Africa's only literary woman genius—engaged in conversation with the Hon. James Rose-Innes, M.L.A., the mover of the now famous Navy resolution in the Cape House of Assembly. We have here only a back view of the latter gentleman—but it is a pretty broad back, for the Hon. Jamie, like Mr. S. C. Cronwright Schreiner,



OLIVE SCHREINER'S HUSBAND.

Photo by J. H. Knight, Forest Hill.

whose face is here turned to us, is a fine figure of a man, and both are excellent specimens of the go-ahead, intelligent young colonist. The picture was snapshotted a week or so ago on board the *Tantallon Castle*, prior to her departure from Southampton.

Last week I had a great treat, for the Empire authorities, through M. Leopold Wenzel, gave us for an overture the march from the never-to-be-forgotten ballet of "Katrina." Perhaps the selection will be continued this week, and, if so, those who desire to refresh their recollection of the delightful music will have a chance of doing so. I went in on Monday night, just to hear the overture; engagements on all sides prohibited a longer stay. None the less, those few minutes sufficed to make the rest of the evening delightful. They summoned up the pictures of the ballet as it was, and through the curtain that shrouded the stage from view I seemed to see all the familiar figures in the pretty costumes that set off the ballet so well. Every note of the music had its special signification; I could recall all the stage movements that responded to it.

What a pity that the Cinématographe was unknown during the run of "Katrina." I saw it, from first note to last, sixty-five times, and can only regret that my visits were so few. With the help of the Cinématographe it might have lived now as it was then; the music will not die, the old familiar faces would have been preserved. "Katrina," in its entirety, has passed beyond revival, because so many of the old young faces that helped its charm must now be missing. Some have gone away, others have committed matrimony and forgotten the old pleasant nights. Therefore, memory must be my Cinématographe, and when the splendid Empire orchestra calls the old familiar strains into renewed life to wake the echoes that have slumbered so long, my sixty-five attendances help me to fill in the picture, giving back the verisimilitude of youth, beauty, and *insouciance* to many who have fewer attractions now than they enjoyed then. Judging by the applause from a house only commencing to fill last Monday week, there were many in the Empire that night who shared my pleasant recollections.

Mr. Nelson Reed will open the National Skating Palace in Argyll Street on or about Oct. 14, and I shall be glad to renew acquaintance with a house wherein I was entertained last year. Hengler's old circus makes a splendid rink; the ice area is the largest in London, and last season lounges, attendance, refreshments, and music were alike happy in my patronage and approval; or if they were not, they should have been. There will be some changes from last year under the new management. The house will be open all day long—in fact, from eleven in the morning until eleven at night; last year it closed twice during the day. I hope the Sunday Club will be continued. It did much to remove the reproach of dullness from the London Sunday; proceedings were always decorous, and one or two Sabbatarians who, after much persuasion, accompanied me to the Palace Club, as it was called, were compelled to confess that the conduct of the house and of the visitors left nothing to be desired. So many things be this year, when I have serious thoughts of

disporting myself upon the giddy ice. There is a great opening for the Insurance Company that will insure subscribers from falling ungracefully upon the resisting ice when the rink is crowded. The native hue of my resolution is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought. I have seen men, usually dignified, look so very foolish when they sit down suddenly and require assistance to collect their limbs. I would like to skate gracefully, to earn universal admiration for my agility; but I will not learn through falling. It is better to sit in a box and criticise the crowd. Under these circumstances I am a born critic.

Whatever may prove to be the exact amount of vitality in Offenbach's music for latter-day audiences, the revival of "La Périhole" at the

Garriek Theatre is extremely welcome for the mere fact that it restores to the stage so charming a comedienne and so skilled a vocalist as Miss Florence St. John, whose portrait I here reproduce. Miss St. John's appearances on the boards have been all too few and far between of late, and "La Périhole" provides opportunities far worthier of her talents than can be found in the "musical comedy" of the day.

Martha Morton, authoress of "The Sleeping Partner," now running at the Criterion, and of "A Bachelor's Romance," just produced at Edinburgh by Mr. Hare, was married two or three weeks ago at Saratoga to a Mr. Herman Conheim. Should "Miss Francis of Yale" still be holding the boards at the Globe when Mr. Hare brings out "A Bachelor's Romance" in London, it would be curious to have plays by these Transatlantic "Arcades ambo" (that is to say, M. Morton's both) running here simultaneously.

Readers of the Bancroft Reminiscences will remember how the present Sir Squire lamented being associated in the public mind mainly with Hawtree parts. I don't know whether Miss Louie Freear entertains similar opinions with regard to the

perfectly analogous position in which she is now placed, but certainly, according to present appearances, this female low-comedian may be playing "slaveys" for the next dozen years. The heroine of "Sister Mary Jane's Top-Note" has just been figuring at Brighton as Aurora, a romantic maid-of-all-work, in a new farcical comedy by Mr. Mark Ambient and two collaborators, called "Oh, Susannah!" The Christian name of this rather foolish title is that of the elderly maiden aunt of a young doctor, Jack Sheppard, by whom she is thrown into a bath.

Miss Mabel Dixey, sister of Mr. Henry Dixey (otherwise known as "Adonis" Dixey), has made her stage debut in Boston, playing the title rôle in a revival of "Trilby." In the English provinces the "Trilby" boom is almost forgotten already.



MISS FLORENCE ST. JOHN, NOW APPEARING IN "LA PÉRIHOLE," AT THE GARRICK THEATRE.

Photo by Ellis, Upper Baker Street, N.W.

Captain Manoel Urbano di Monte, the famous pilot and pioneer of the Amazon River and its tributaries, died recently at his farm, Manacapuru, near Manaus, the capital of the State of Amazonas, at the extraordinarily venerable age of one hundred and twenty-six years. Urbano, as he was universally called throughout the plains of the Amazon, was a



MANOEL URBANO.

short, slightly built, dark mulatto, with a considerable dash of Indian stock in his constitution. He served as guide or pilot to almost every important exploring expedition to the most distant recesses of the Amazonian forest that has been made during the present century. Notably, even when a very old man, in 1864-5, he piloted the Chandless expedition up the then unknown Rio Purus, an expedition so complete in its information and results obtained that its leader, Mr. William Chandless, received in 1866 the gold medal of the Royal Geographical Society.

This venerable pioneer figures in a novel of Amazonian adventure, entitled "The Voice of Urbano" (Messrs. W. H. Allen and Co.), written by Mr. James

W. Wells, the author of "Three Thousand Miles through Brazil"—in fact, the title of the novel refers to this Brazilian Fremont-Livingstone. Throughout his long life Urbano mixed freely with the scattered races of aboriginal Indians in all parts of the vast forest area of the Amazon and its tributaries, and, in fact, devoted his life to the shielding of these children of the forest from the persecutions and aggressions of traders and rubber-collectors. Among the natives his name is universally known and revered. The proprietors of a Manaus newspaper, the *Amazonas Commercial*, are inviting a public subscription to defray the cost of erecting a column and bust in memory of one who devoted a marvellously long life to the benefit of his fellow-beings, to commerce, and to the cause of geography.

How the Poor Live! What a fascinating subject! How many side-lights can be thrown upon it! I have one of those little side-lights handy; it is worth exhibiting. Fate took me a week ago to the wilds of Hertfordshire. I had to travel *vid Willemsden*, arrived there, and found it was impossible to catch the twenty minutes after nine train at twenty-four minutes past the hour. This in itself was annoying, and my irritation was increased on finding that the next train would leave in two hours. I discovered Willemsden; it is just about as habitable as Klondyke. How the two hours crawled along I scarcely dare recollect. However, they went at last, and I travelled to my destination, paid my visit, and returned to the station, where a porter told me I had an hour and a half to wait for the London train. There are some situations to which an ordinary mind cannot rise, and, as I walked up and down that cheerless station in driving rain, I felt how weak I really was. Two specimens of the genus navy were at work by the metals; one of them hit his own foot with a pickaxe, and made remarks so picturesque about the boot, the pickaxe, his foot, and his eyes that I felt my troubles were at an end. I beckoned him, and produced sixpence. "I have an hour and a half to wait," I said, "and I haven't your gift of expression. Will you talk for five minutes if I give you this?" He was a bit bashful at first, but I reminded him of his bruised foot, led him gently on, and found I had discovered a real hero. For fluency and variety I never met the equal of this simple yet heroic navy, who gave me five-shillings' worth of language for my sixpence, and showed that there is yet another means of wage-earning at the disposal of the deserving poor. Many an amateur would pay well for such a lesson in forcible expression as that outspoken navy could give him. He wasn't even proud. He took the sixpence, performed a scarcely savoury operation upon it "for luck," and went back to the once-offending pickaxe. What says the poet—

Full many a gem of language, scarce serene,
The frank, untutored words of navvies bear;
Full many an one is born to swear unseen,
And waste rich gifts upon the desert air.

I am surprised to find that nothing is done to ameliorate the condition of the hop-pickers, who at this season of the year are sowing some of the prettiest parts of the hop counties with tragedies. Some fortnight or more ago I saw groups of these unfortunate people preparing to travel down to their destination by the cheap trains specially provided from London; it is common knowledge that the very poorest go down on foot. The sight of these few dozens not entirely destitute was painful enough; one and all were poorly clad, anemic, apparently quite unfit to face anything in the way of exposure. The wet weather was beginning to set in, the prospects of hop-picking were at best very bad. Now from week to week we find some simple tragedy served up in a small paragraph; of the minor troubles we hear very little. None the less it is true that men, women, and children are sleeping in the open air, that few have the comparative luxury of a barn or a disused pig-sty, that, in spite of poor pay and other disadvantages, the supply of pickers is greater than

the demand, that scores of people are tramping about living as best they can, by begging or stealing. Farmers and villagers are up in arms; too alarmed to be charitable, they will do nothing to alleviate the distress; there is no small amount of orchard-robbing and poultry-stealing. Something ought to be done, and done soon, to lend a helping hand to the unhappy pickers, whose plight can scarcely be believed except by those who have seen it. I have seen a few of the sights this year, and I have not the courage to go again into the hopping district, where the rough weather has augmented every other trouble. The mortality among the pickers must be enormous. I wonder why General Booth does not do something on a large scale to cope with the matter. Not only would it be great and noble work, there would be much material advantage to the cause of Salvation, and his appeal on behalf of the hop-pickers would meet with a ready response from men who do not usually associate reform with big drums, tambourines, and singing that lacks time and tune.

During the first few days of September, while walking up partridges with an energy worthy of a better cause, I had a funny experience. I had paused for a much-needed rest by a small farmyard where some men were at work, and while I was considering the advisability of walking up a few more acres of ground that had no cover, in a south-west wind that sent birds along quicker than lightning, an old man came up to me. He was a farm-labourer. Salutes were exchanged according to custom, and then he held out his hand and said a single word that sent me back centuries. The word was "largesse." In one brief moment I imagined that the stile I sat across was a war-horse, that my trusty hammerless was a lance, that the fresh-cut clover-field at my feet was the arena in which a tourney was held. My man became my faithful squire, and the small stock of fur and feather he carried at once changed to the spoils of knights who had confessed that I was their master and that my particular Dulcinea was the fairest of all women. The farm-labourer seemed astonished at my surprise, and repeated the magic word "largesse," upon which I bethought myself to call him "cattiff" or "churl," and spurn him. I do not quite know how to spurn a person, but thought it would come naturally to me. Just then my man told me that it was the custom for the man who had the shooting over the farm-lands to give largesse towards the expenses of the supper and beanfeasts that follow in the wake of the harvest. At his words the vision of old-world pageantry faded, all too quickly, the stile, the gun, the few birds, the broad expanse of stubble and ploughed land, became aggressive facts, and, with a feeling akin to regret, I handed over my compulsory subscription and departed to fresh fields and partridges new.

This authentic photograph, recently taken by a Sydney amateur on behalf of the *Sydney Bulletin*—a journal deeply interested in missionary enterprise in the South Seas—will,

it is hoped, supply a long-felt want to those who desire to know what the raging heathen looks like after he has given up his debasing superstitions and no longer bows down to wood and stone. The picture will enable the pious ladies who supply funds for the conversion of the heathen to perceive that all their money is not spent in waistcoats. His Reverence, it will be observed, is a real parson, and "has got 'em all on"—holy hat, sacred gamp, orthodox coat, and carries under his arm seven or eight pounds of the Word. Also, he is an unsophisticated shepherd, and evidently possesses most rudimentary ideas as to the proper manner of wearing his white necktie. The good gentleman is now gazing with chastened sorrow at some heathen English sailors, belonging to a trading schooner, who are violating the Lord's Day by bathing their toil-stained bodies in a river of the Vineyard.



HIS REVERENCE.

I give here a photograph of the Karachi Plague Committee which was appointed by Lord Sandhurst, Governor of Bombay, after his visit to Karachi in March last. The severity of the outbreak of plague in this district may be estimated from the fact that, out of a population of under 100,000 people, no less than 4180 persons have been struck down with the disease, and 3396 of them with fatal results. When the Plague Committee took over the charge of affairs the epidemic was raging in all parts of the town. The most energetic steps were at once taken, and the result showed an immediate and steady decline in the outbreak. And now the town and port of Karachi are declared free from plague in compliance with the stringent rules laid down by the Venice Conference.

The score or so of heads represented in the accompanying photograph were secured just a twelvemonth ago in Lochrosque Deer Forest, Ross-shire, by Mr. Bignold, the proprietor, and Count de Torre Hermosa. The heads are fairly representative specimens of Ross-shire antlers, well spread and stout of beam, and long and thick of tine, and all of them, I believe, were brought down in course of a fortnight's stalking. The group contains one hummle head, and one with malformed antlers. The two smaller heads in the foreground are excellent specimens of the breed of Japanese deer introduced by Mr. Bignold into the Lochrosque corries several years ago. The importation has proved highly successful, and Mr. Bignold informs me that the Japs afford excellent sport. A pretty fair idea of the size and spread of the various antlers can be gathered from comparison with the buirdly figure of the forester—himself one of the sturdiest and most successful of Highland veteran stalkers—who reclines behind the smallest of the red-deer heads in the group.

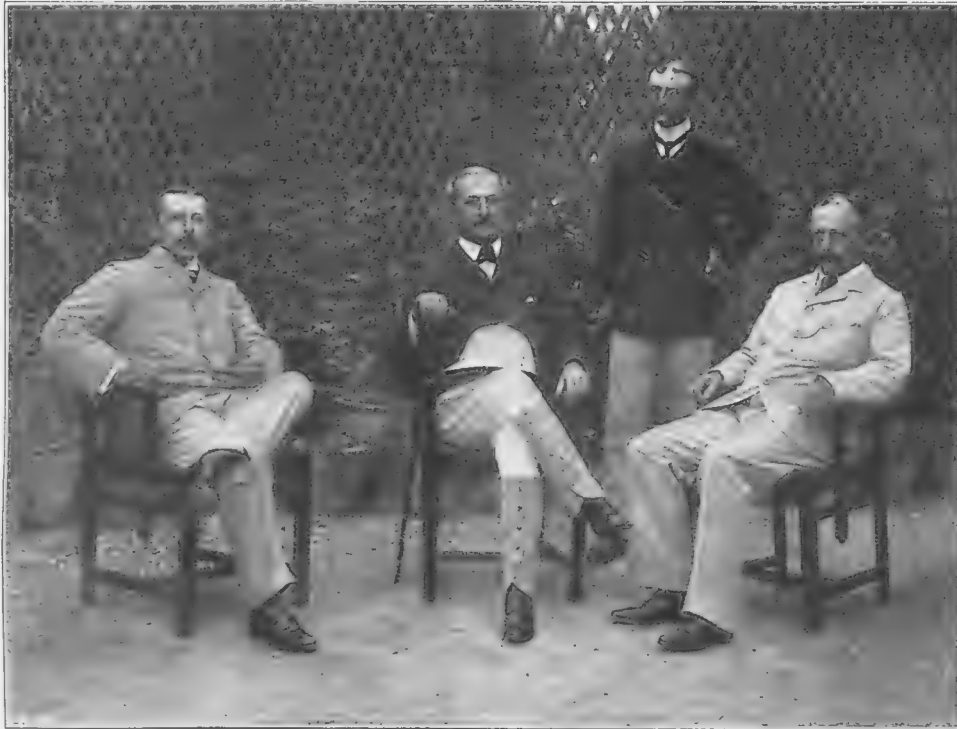
The stalking in Lochrosque corries during the present season so far has not resulted in a yield of the same excellence of spoil as last season for the same period. But I find that all of the Highland forests are backward this year compared with last, neither heads nor haunches being up to the usual average. This is accounted for by the long spells of rainy weather during the later weeks of spring and generally throughout the

whole of the summer months. The wintering was about the best experienced for many years past, but all the benefit thereby derived was more than knocked out of the deer by the subsequent unfavourable weather.

Some folks find the ordinary method of committing matrimony sufficient, some more than sufficient. There are, however, other more ambitious folks who yearn to go to "execution" in some novel way. Such yearnings probably led to the cycle wedding which took place some months ago in the neighbourhood of Leicester Square. But what novelty is there now about cycles? Everyone uses the "bike"; the butcher calls for orders on it; a doctor of my acquaintance in London uses it if called up at night (in the daytime he rides in

the orthodox brougham); curates fly upon it to distant parts of their parish, and the plumber arrives on a "bike" to make new leaks on the roof; I even saw a professional sick nurse in full uniform, white bonnet-strings flying out behind, scorching along (probably to a special case) in a suburban thoroughfare a few days since. But if "bikes" are commonplace, motor-carriages are at present somewhat rare, and this probably induced a bridal party to use these vehicles at Brixton Church a few days ago. Quite a crowd assembled to see them arrive and depart, but, in sober truth, the lack of horses hardly added to the dignity of the bridal procession.

Captain J. O. Mennle.



Surgeon-Captain Arnim.

General T. A. Cooke (President).

Mr. R. Giles.

THE KARACHI PLAGUE COMMITTEE.



SOME ROSS-SHIRE HEADS.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY JOHN MUNRO, DINGWALL.

The music of the spheres is an aged commonplace, but the music of the flowers may lay claim to something like novelty. At the recent garden fête at Cassiobury they had a Sunflower Chorus, which is figured on this page. The picture almost explains itself. The screen at the back of the stage is painted to represent sunflowers, each blossom being pierced in the centre to admit the face of a fair chorister. The effect was striking and the singing good. No doubt many a Bunthorne among the visitors (and, maybe, some not so old as Bunthorne) longed to gather those delightful flowers of culture rare to bear away in his mediæval hand. But to that, Mr. Frank Sylvester, the manager and organiser of this unique entertainment, would doubtless have had a word to say.

Etiquette waits upon us from the cradle to the grave to ameliorate the conditions of our social life; with regard to its action upon mankind, we may say "Emollit mores nec sinit esse ferus." Some men are the masters of etiquette, others are its slaves. There are times, too, when the best-bred men find themselves awkwardly placed, and I will give an example. I was at a big railway terminus the other day and was watching a Mail Service train prepare to depart, bearing many people to Paris. A mother, a daughter, and a son sat in a carriage, a gentleman stood upon the platform talking to them. I watched the group carefully; unless my judgment is in error, he of the platform was the personal "pal" of the son, the respectful friend of the mother, and something more delightfully indefinite than friend in his relations towards the daughter. My own friends were in the next carriage, and I was going to the first place of call of the train, so I could see everything. The old lady talked to the visitor who had come to see them off, he replied politely yet absently, the brother preserved the brutal aspect peculiar to brothers under such circumstances, while the daughter had no eye for the beauties of the bookstall, the refreshment-room, or the porters, and, though she did not appear to talk much, each of her looks was a three-volumed story. The train shrieked, as though in remonstrance against the driver's harsh decree that it should move from rest; the gentleman said good-bye, without taking care to allot equally the moments given to each farewell; the train started, he raised his hat, bowed gracefully, and, consciously or unconsciously, struck a highly becoming attitude. Then, when he was, so to speak, at his very best, the silly train stopped; something was wrong with one of the carriages. The poor visitor had made his effort, but had not at once turned on his heel and gone; the result was that he didn't know whether to advance, retire, or stay where he was—he did the last, and looked very foolish. The train went off again almost at once, but all the fine edge was taken off the farewell. I daresay she laughed at him.

The *Star* publishes the following—

Two or three times a week we receive a paragraph from an unknown correspondent describing how a certain popular novelist travels, with the number of her servants, &c., &c., or perhaps describing how she is passing the time at some watering-place and the distinguished society in which she moves. As we have no means of reaching our correspondent except through these columns, we wish to intimate that the scale of the rates of advertisements in the *Star* can be obtained on application to the advertisement manager.

Name? Name?

I read in a newspaper that a fine specimen of the Golden Eagle has been caught at Mersham, in Kent, where it had been taking toll of the

neighbouring poultry-runs in fashion reprehensible. It is a great relief not to read that the Golden Eagle was shot at Mersham. The modern tendency of gamekeepers, farmers, to say nothing of every Cockney who has a gun, is to shoot all rare birds at sight. When a Cockney makes money and takes a place in the country, he usually gives his keeper a fee for every carnivorous bird shot, and the result of this vulgar stupidity is seen in the gradual disappearance of many wild birds from the face of the land. The raven is virtually extinct, various species of the crow are seldom or never met—in fact, were it not for the similarity, to unskilled eyes, between rook and crow, people would wake to the fact that crows are dying out. So, too, rare birds of the hawk family are mercilessly aimed at by any fool with a gun who chances to see one, and the worst aspect of the case is seen when one realises that these birds do not do half the harm with which their names are associated. Nothing, for example, can be more foolish than the war waged on owls by some silly farmers. A few young birds are sacrificed by flesh-eating birds during the year, yet where the rearing of game under the domestic hen is so common and so simple and so cheap, it is surely a mistake to rob the country of the few survivors of many interesting bird-families.

I recollect the time when nearly two-thirds of the entire bird-families of England were to be found in various parts of the New Forest; to-day these figures must be very much modified because of the works of the Vandal who thinks it is sport to fire at all fur and feather within range of the gun he has no real right to carry. I hope the type of Vandal referred to will give up his evil ways now he discovers that I am really angry with him.

Put not your faith in strange travellers into whose company destiny may happen to throw you. Let my experience guide one and all, for I travelled in a railway-carriage only the other day, and had for partners in possession of the compartment an old man with long beard, and a young and pretty girl who read a well-known novel which I decline to advertise. Now, my duty as a man seemed to be to regard the many graces of the lady, to reckon up charms whose sum no man might hope to compass. Somehow the old man wanted me all to himself. He started on crops, passed on to Klondyke, thence to the North-West Provinces of India,

thence to Mohammedanism and its votaries. He would give me no rest, his importunities never ceased. The young lady reading the popular novel curled her pretty brows in some approach to impatience, for the chatter of this loquacious old party was as ceaseless as that of the Silent Barber of Bagdad. I listened with great weariness, and only rewarded the prosy one with monosyllables that I threw at him as one would throw a bone to a hungry dog. Finally, at a station before the terminus, he rose to go, and, as he turned from opening the carriage door, handed me a booklet from his bag, saying, "Read this, my friend, for it will do you good."

He had gone before I fully realised that he had left me a tract devoted to the benefits of intellectual conversation and comparing it favourably with careless speech. Evidently this Apollyon of Salvation goes up and down the world seeking whom he may bore, and, when he has worked his will on them, leaves one of his silly tracts—he had a bag-full of them—to complete the work. Let all men avoid him. To make matters worse, the young lady, to whose many charms I bow, smiled for the rest of the journey, and, though her eyes were never raised from the book, its author has no sense of humour, and never made anybody laugh in his life, so that what she was reading did not justify mirth.



A SCREEN OF HUMAN SUNFLOWERS.

Photo by Fred Downer, Watford.

THE CASTING OF "BOADICEA."

The readers of *The Sketch* have taken considerable interest in the superb equestrian statue of Boadicea and her daughters, by the late Thomas Thornycroft, which, owing to the efforts of Mr. William Bull, has been secured for our great city. I am able to publish this week two photographs which show the progress of the casting. Possibly, to the uninitiated the pictures will seem a little puzzling, for certainly the horse looks somewhat out of drawing, and appears to possess only half the number of legs usually allotted to quadrupeds.

However, as a matter of fact, the progress is most satisfactory. Messrs. Singer, the well-known founders, of course know their business a good deal better than you and I, and have succeeded up to now in satisfying the most exacting critics. It has been found necessary, for technical reasons that I need not specify, to take the plaster cast to many pieces, on the lines suggested, no less than forty years ago, by the sculptor.

Thanks to the skill of Thomas Thornycroft in anticipating the founder's work, and the "pious" care of his son in preserving this masterpiece, this part of the process has been entirely successful. Of the many pieces all but about five have been successfully cast, and



Mr. H. W. Singer.

THE BODY OF ONE OF THE DAUGHTERS.

the effect is surprising in its quality, even to those whose eyes are sufficiently trained to appreciate the original in plaster; and a sense of rugged strength, so essential in a large group, comes most happily from the wise refusal of the sculptor to niggle down the plaster to smoothness.

In the smaller photograph here reproduced is shown an interesting hint of the process that is being adopted, for the thick black line outside the knee and running round the leg represents the casting sand that is being built up round the body, while outside it can be seen the iron frame—bolted together—that is intended to contain it.

Ere the Long Vacation of the lazy lawyers is over the work will be done. There will then remain for consideration the serious question of a site, to which, I understand, Mr. Thomas Blashill, the accomplished Architect of the London County Council, is giving his attention during his holidays.

It is lamentable to think that London, the city of splendid sites, is also a city of wasted opportunities, and it is exceedingly difficult to find any part of this vast city in which the

equestrian group—undoubtedly the finest in London, if not in Europe—can be placed so that its beauties will be truly evident, and also offer themselves to the eyes of a sufficiently large proportion of the people for whose country Queen Boadicea fought and died.



Mr. W. J. Bull, L.C.C.

Mr. J. W. Singer.

ONE OF THE HORSES.

A SURVIVOR OF NAVARINO AND HIS BALLAD.

There cannot be many survivors now of the famous battle of Navarino, out of which there sprang the modern kingdom of Greece. You may, however, go to the St. George's Workhouse in Fulham Road and find



"OLD NAVARINO."

Photo by Russell, Baker Street, W.

one—aged William Doran, who was a powder-monkey on the *Genoa* man-of-war. She suffered very heavily in the action, and lost her commander, Captain Bathurst, an officer of great qualities, who was much liked by his crew.

Yes, Doran was with Sir Edward Codrington, and it is sad to find him now in a workhouse. True, he is treated there with much kindness—Mr. Badcock, the master, sees to that—but still he is a pauper. A man who fought at Navarino in 1827, who, moreover, was seriously wounded, certainly deserved a better fate. The Prince of Wales has interested himself in Doran's case, and the English people are tender-hearted in such a matter. It may be hoped, therefore, that "Old Navarino"—that is how he's known in the workhouse—will come into more prosperous waters. He is eighty-nine; his voyage cannot last much longer.

"Old Navarino" has a keen recollection of the great fight in which the combined fleet of England, France, and Russia smashed up that of Turkey. Nay, he has a ballad of his own—he was something of a poet, you see—in which the story is told. The thing is to hear him at the lilt, only everybody cannot do that. Why not set it out word for word—his very own, nothing changing—as taken down from his lips? Just so; and, moreover, you could not give a better picture of the veteran salt. Silence, then, for "Old Navarino" and his ballad—

Come all you British subjects, wherever you belong,
And if you pay attention I'll not detain you long;
Its concernin' of a combined fleet a-cruising on the main,
A-watchin' of those horrid Turks that laid in Navarine,
As they were going to Hydra, as you shall understand,
For to commit a massacre by water and by land;
As they had done at Scio a short time before,
And they left many thousands bleeding in their gore.
It was the 19th of October, just by the break of day,
Our Admiral made the signal our guns to clear away.
We cleared away for action, and quickly did prepare
All for to fight those horrid Turks without either dread or fear.
'Twas the 20th of October, just by the break of day,
Our Admiral made the signal that we should close the bay;
So boldly we advanced, our courage for to show;
We crowded all the sail we could, aloft and below.
We crowded all the sail we could, and for the bay did steer,
Was followed by the French, with the Roosians in the rear—
The forces of our combined fleet in number twenty-seven,
And the Turkish in number one hundred and eleven.
The *Asia* brave she led the van, with all her jovial crew—
Was followed by the bold *Genoa*, which made those Turks to rue;
And then advanced the *Albion*, that ship of noted fame—
Was followed by the *Dartmouth*, the *Glasgow* and *Cambarine*,
The *Tulbot* and the *Rose*, the *Philomel* and the *Hind*;
The *Mosquito* and the *Brisk* advanced, so neatly formed the line.
Then in came the French, with the Roosians in the rear,
All for to burn and sink those Turks and blow them in the air.

We anchored alongside of them, like lions bold and free;
Their masts and yards came tumbling down—'twas a glorious sight to see.
And some we burnt, and some we sunk, and blew them in the air,
As we anchored alongside of them, I solemnly declare.
Four hours and twenty minutes our cannons loud did roar,
Which made those Turks to quake and fear along the Grecian shore.
And in the height of victory our Commodore did fall,
While he received his deadly wound all by a cannon-ball;
And this valiant hero, as he on deck did lie,
Says, "My sons of Old Britannia, you'll conquer them or die."
Then up stood Captain Dickerson his place for to maintain,
For he was the bold commander of the second ship in the line.
"Fight on, fight on, my hearts of oak," this hero he did say;
"Fight on, fight on, my hearty tars, and we shall gain the day."
And all our valiant officers undaunted they did stand,
Saying, "Cheer up, cheer up, my lively lads, we'll join both heart and hand."
Let's drink the health of George our King and Sir Edward Codrington,
And to the United Sovereigns the victory is won—
To each valiant officer belonging to the fleet,
And each Jack Tar and Royal Marine that did the enemy beat.
Now, to conclude and make an end—I've not detained you long—
I am a jolly foremast Jack, and to the *Genoa* did belong;
I write those lines to let you know how British tars can fight
When they have got good officers—then men of courage bright.

Might not some of our entertainers get "Old Navarino" to give his recital in public? To a surety it would bring down the house—the year-worn salt with his stick in one hand and a Union Jack grasped in the other, and it might add a trifle to the old man's funds. Since the publication of his story in the *Daily Chronicle*, a benevolent Greek gentleman has arranged with a few friends to allow "Old Navarino" thirty pounds a-year for the remainder of his life, in order that his last days may be cheered by more than the ordinary workhouse comforts.

MISS ADA BRANSON.

Miss Ada Branson, the very talented comédienne who has succeeded Miss Ffolliott Paget as the attractive widow, Mrs. Torrington, in "The Sleeping Partner," at the Criterion Theatre, is everything that could be wished for the part, and more than maintains the success made by her predecessor. Miss Branson is an Anglo-Indian, her father being one of the leading barristers in Bombay. She was educated chiefly in Paris, and has now been on the stage for some ten or twelve years, having studied under Miss Glynn and started her career under the management of Miss Sarah Thorne; she has already worked in every branch of her profession, from tragedy to burlesque—though it is to comedy that her talents chiefly incline. She was for some time with Mr. Robert Pateman, and also with Mr. Charles Cartwright, and for two years with Mr. W. S. Penley, having created the part of Donna Lucia in "Charley's Aunt" on its production at Bury St. Edmunds, and, coming with it to the little Royalty Theatre, moved to the Globe later on.



MISS ADA BRANSON.

Photo by Bassano, Old Bond Street, W.

BYRON IN NOTTINGHAM.

In his *Life of Byron*, Moore refers to the fondness which the poet always showed for his early home in "Aberdeen awa'," and to the warmth of feeling with which the people of Aberdeen reciprocated this affection, being proud to consider Byron as almost their fellow townsman. "The various houses where he resided in his youth," says his biographer, "are pointed out to the traveller; to have seen him but once is a recollection boasted of with pride; and the Brig of Don, beautiful in itself, is invested, by his mere mention of it, with an additional charm." What was true of Aberdeen's reverence for the memory of Byron when Moore wrote thus in 1829, is true to-day; the people of the Granite City did not wait until the softening veil of years was spread between Byron and their vision before they might be constrained to express their admiration for the greatest poetic genius of the nineteenth century; they boldly recognised the poet, and generously pardoned the faults of the man, faults which were so much the results of circumstances.

Not so in Nottingham, with which town and district Byron's name is quite as closely associated as it is with Aberdeen. A parochial prejudice, which never mars the literary affections of the Scots, has long served to make Byron an unhonoured prophet in the locality where a most interesting period of his life was spent. There is his ancestral hall at Newstead, visited mainly by Americans; the scene of his first romance and the foundation of much of his poetry at Annesley, the home of his "Mary," which few people in the neighbourhood know to be so intimately identified with the poet; his grave in the little parish church at Hucknall Torkard, also a shrine of American pilgrimage; and at Southwell and Newark there are many other early associations, while the new-made city of Nottingham also possesses memorials of the poet, though a visitor might search for them in vain.

When Mr. William Winter, the famous dramatic critic of the *New York Tribune*, and the author—in "Shakspeare's England" and "Gray Days and Gold"—of two of the most charming books ever written on literary shrines, visited Nottingham in 1884, and endeavoured to unearth some reminiscences of Byron, he found, as many another has discovered before and since, that the people in the locality were deplorably ignorant of all that concerned the shining genius who once lived in their midst. "It is difficult," he writes, "even to find prints or photographs of the Byron localities in the shops of Nottingham. One dealer, from whom I bought all the pictures that he possessed, was kind enough to explain the situation in one expressive sentence: 'Much more ought to be done here as to Lord Byron's memory, that is the truth; but the fact is, the first families of the county don't approve of him.'" The "first families of the county" are precisely those who have the least right to cast the first stone; but they are not alone in their prejudice—it seems to be shared by the general community, and at Hucknall, when the question of commemorating the Queen's Diamond Jubilee was under discussion, a project to erect a statue to the poet whose mortal dust reposes in the parish church was abandoned in favour of setting up a memorial to a local quack who had earned the reputation of effecting some wonderful cures on ignorant country folk. Such is fame!

In the city of Nottingham itself there is rather less of this insensate prejudice, but there is still too much of it, and I have scant hope that the attempt which two or three local gentlemen have just been making to secure the erection of some memorial to Lord Byron will be attended with any degree of success. A similar effort put forth some years ago was only fated to be snuffed out by the weight of local bigotry, and in the correspondence which has been going on in the local papers recently one doddering greybeard writes: "Your correspondents are probably too young to remember the discussion that took place some years ago in the public Press on the subject of Lord Byron's character. Otherwise they would, I think, be content to let sleeping dogs lie." *Sans commentaires, n'est-ce pas?*

It is largely owing to the twin forces of prejudice and indifference that so little is known in Nottingham as to its association with Byron; but there are two or three episodes of his early life which afford one some fairly reliable data in seeking to trace his footsteps. It was in the summer of 1798 that Lord Byron, then in his eleventh year, arrived at Newstead, with his mother and nurse, to enter for the first time his ancestral home. But the dilapidated condition of the Abbey at the time, and Mrs. Byron's lack of means, made it a somewhat unattractive place of residence; and there was the young lord's misshapen foot to see to while yet there might be some chance of having it made straight, so that, soon after their arrival from Scotland, Mrs. Byron went to reside in Nottingham, in order that her son might be attended by a person named Lavender, who professed to be able to cure him of his lameness. This Lavender, who has been described as an ignorant quack, was, so I gather from a local directory of the time, "truss-maker to the general hospital," and may not have been so contemptible a fellow as has generally been thought by Byron's biographers. It is clear, however, that he subjected the young lad to the most purposeless tortures, which, on the testimony of Mr. Rogers, a Nottingham schoolmaster with whom the little sufferer read Virgil and Cicero during his "treatment," he bore with a quiet

heroism. It may be worthy of record that this early tutor of Byron is mentioned in the directory just referred to as "Dummer Rogers, Teacher of French, English, Latin, and Mathematicks," his residence being given as Hen Cross, which was within a stone-throw of the house where Byron then resided. While staying in Nottingham to receive the benefit of the truss-maker's wisdom, the Byrons occupied a mansion which stood only a few yards from the place which in later years another literary genius was to identify with his name. I refer to the old *Journal* office and Mr. J. M. Barrie. At the higher end of Pelham Street, which leads east from the Market Place, was the site of the house in question, and the immediate neighbourhood, now known as Carlton Street, was then called "Swine Green." With this name and this locality Byron's first attempt at rhyme is associated.

A neighbour who used to visit Mrs. Byron during this stay in Nottingham was an elderly lady of somewhat peculiar temperament, who entertained remarkable delusions about being transported to the moon after she had finished her earthly pilgrimage. On one occasion she greatly offended the high-spirited boy by some ill-judged reference to his infirmity, and after that he never could bear the sight of her. His adverse

opinion of the old person found expression in the lines which Moore quotes thus—

In Nottingham county there lives at Swan Green
As curst an old lady as ever was seen,
And when she does die, which I hope will be soon,
She firmly believes she will go to the moon.

"Swan" Green is clearly a mistake, for there is no doubt that the place referred to was Swine Green. Moore may have preferred the more pleasing word in transcribing. To this day the continuation of Carlton Street is called Goose Gate, and at the meeting of this century and the last Nottingham had quite a large number of streets and places identified with domestic animals; Cow Lane, Sheep Lane, and, as we have already seen, Hen Cross, being examples. Swine Green is the name given in all the local records.

There is a tradition that during this period of the poet's early life he attended a Dame school which formerly stood on the site now occupied by a bank; but this is only a tradition. More authentic is the evidence of an old tradesman, who many years ago informed a gentleman, now living, that the poet had attended a school in a house at 30, Lower Parliament Street, which was demolished only a few years ago, and said that he had "often seen the lame boy Byron carried from the carriage to the school." There is even less reason to doubt that Byron lived for a time in a house still standing almost within hail of the Castle, and close by the spot where, on Aug. 25, 1634, Charles I.



HOUSE IN NOTTINGHAM WHERE BYRON STAYED IN 1799.

Photo by Baker and Co., Nottingham.

raised his standard, marking one of the most fateful episodes in English history. Indeed, there is no doubt whatever that Byron resided here with his mother during the vacation at Dr. Glennie's Dulwich Academy in 1799, Newstead Abbey being then, and for some years subsequently, let to another tenant. In Willoughby's "Directory of Nottingham" for 1799, page 6 contains the entry: "Byron, Right Hon. Lord, at Mr. Gill's, St. James's Lane." It is said that the son of this Mr. Gill, when walking with Byron to Newstead Abbey, quarrelled with the poet—or, perhaps, it were more correct to reverse the order—they had a severe fight on the road, and were close friends ever after.

The house in St. James's Street (the "lane" having risen to that titular dignity, though it has lost its ancient prestige as a high-class residential quarter) has only been slightly altered since Byron lived in it. The old doorway is blocked up, the passage space having been added to one of the rooms, and a new entrance has been made higher up the street. The building, now overgrown with ivy, is a good specimen of the old town-houses which the county gentry maintained before the railways made London the one great social centre, and it is still called Newstead House, this being, unless we except a Byron Ward, a Byron Street, and another one, or two, such memorials, the only connecting link which the city of Nottingham presents as between the poet and itself.

After 1799 Mrs. Byron does not appear to have been in residence in Nottingham for any length of time until 1803, when, returning from Bath, Moore tells us that she went into "lodgings" in the town; but the probability is that she returned to the old mansion-house on Swine Green. Byron, now at Harrow, spent the vacation of this year with his mother in Nottingham. It was at this time that he became friendly with Lord Grey de Ruthyn, then occupying the Abbey, who gave him every facility for enjoying the attractions of Newstead. It was also in 1803 that frequent visits to Annesley Hall, in the vicinity, gave birth to his affection for Mary Chaworth, the "Mary" of "The Dream," an episode which coloured much of his poetry. By 1804 Mrs. Byron had removed to Southwell, and Byron never resided in the county town again. It was not until July 16, 1824, that Nottingham was again to be prominently associated with the name of the immortal bard, and on that day, as a local historian records, "the town was agitated by the funeral of a famous man, who, though not born within its precincts, was very familiar to its inhabitants. The hearse conveying the remains of Lord Byron was met by thousands of people at the south end of the town, and followed in silence to the Blackamoor's Head, Pelham Street, where it remained for the night. The coffin was placed in the room at the north-west corner of the yard, and wax candles put around it. The public were then admitted, about twenty at a time, to walk round and out again, and such was the pressure and anxiety to see the spectacle that a very large body of constables was necessary to clear the way and to keep anything like a clear ingress and egress. When the procession left on the following morning, the Mayor and Corporation attended, and most of the townspeople were attired in mourning." It was a tragic coincidence that the poet's remains should have lain in state about a hundred yards from the house in which he had resided a quarter of a century before, and where he had written those juvenile lines about the old lady of Swine Green. The Blackamoor's Head, at the corner of High Street and Pelham Street, was an old hostelry, of which only a portion remains, having been converted into shops in 1830; but there are at least two gentlemen alive in Nottingham to-day who witnessed Byron's lying-in-state there three-and-seventy years ago, and one of these is no less a celebrity than Philip James Bailey, the author of "Festus."

J. A. HAMMERTON.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

Messrs. Chatto and Windus have published in a little volume a series of articles Mr. David Christie Murray contributed to sundry papers, "My Contemporaries in Fiction." Mr. Murray makes a quasi-apology in his preface for criticising his fellow-craftsmen. But it seems that he has been greatly encouraged by letters from the Colonies, the United States, professional critics, and even novelists. I know that some novelists are of opinion that it is not good taste for a novelist who is climbing the ladder to push down or try to push down those who are attempting the same feat. Perhaps Mr. Christie Murray might reply, and with truth, that he is not climbing the ladder. For my part, however, not being a novelist, I am quite willing to read and appreciate Mr. Christie Murray's reviews, provided they are good. It cannot be said of this little volume that it is good—at least, it cannot be said by anyone who knows the books. Mr. Murray is still a bright and amusing writer, and he occasionally says a true and penetrating thing. On the whole, however, this little book is of small account, and would hardly have been worth noticing had it not been for the manner in which certain assertions, which I believe to be false, are made again and again in its pages.

Mr. Christie Murray is very angry with the new Scottish school, or rather, with those who, in his opinion, have gained for it the vogue it has among the public. I will quote several of his statements. He says that "a critic gravely assures us that Mr. S. R. Crockett has rivalled, if not surpassed, Sir Walter." He further says that "other gentlemen who have rivalled, if not surpassed, Sir Walter are Dr. Conan Doyle, Mr. J. M. Barrie, Mr. Ian Maclaren, and Mr. Stanley Weyman." It turns out that the newspaper critics have been saying that the new Scottish novelists are Sir Walter's masters, and this proves that the critics are either hopelessly incapable or hopelessly dishonest. Further, we are told that Sir Walter is "surpassed or equalled by six writers of our own day, in the judgment of those astounding gentlemen who

periodically tell us what we ought to think." A very considerable section, it seems, of the newspaper critics has conspired to set Mr. Crockett on an eminence. "Mr. Crockett has been signalled out for those costly extravagances of praise which are fast discrediting us in our own eyes and are making what should be the art of criticism a mockery and something of a shame." A false estimate has been thrown upon the public by a certain band of writers, who are "either hopelessly incompetent to assess our labours or incurably dishonest." Dr. George Macdonald has been unlucky because, when he first began to write, "the northern part of this island, though active in Press life, had nothing like its influence of to-day. If Scotchmen had been as numerous among Pressmen as they are to-day, and as certain of their power, they would have boomed Dr. Macdonald, beyond a doubt." And so forth, and so forth.

Now, I claim to know as much about contemporary criticism as Mr. Christie Murray. I claim also to know something of the manner in which the new Scottish writers have been received. I have never heard of any critic who put any of the writers named above Sir Walter Scott. I have never known of any who ever compared them as equals. No doubt they have been compared upon certain points. It has been said, and said with obvious and perfect truth, for example, that Mr. Barrie has much more sympathy with the religious convictions of his countrymen than Sir Walter Scott had. It has been said, and with equal accuracy, that Mr. Crockett's view of the Covenanters is far more sympathetic than that of the author of "Old Mortality." Even Mr. Christie Murray will recognise the truth of those criticisms if he has read the books referred to. But I repeat that no responsible man, so far as my knowledge goes, has ever said anything at all which justifies in the very least Mr. Murray's ravings. Of course, there may be a case of individual idiocy, though I do not know it. The criticism of contemporary journalism is indeed often very poor; much of it is as poor as Mr. Christie Murray's own criticism. However, critics and editors retain a degree of sanity, and that has prevented them exalting any recent writer to the level of Sir Walter Scott.

I will affirm in the next place that the critics have done singularly little for the Kailyard School. The books of the young Scottish writers were found out by the public, and have been bought, and are still bought, by the public in defiance of the critics. As for an organised Scotch boom, no doubt certain of their countrymen have recognised their merits, and called attention to them as they could. But I should say that the distinct majority of Scotch critics are fiercely adverse to the new writers. The epithet "Kailyard school," and the attack that accompanied it, came from a Scotch advocate. Mr. Barrie's "Sentimental Tommy" and "Margaret Ogilvy" were reviewed in the *Scotsman* with savagery. The Scotch papers are full of every kind of gibe at the new writers. Scotchmen are no doubt clannish; but they have their full share of envy and jealousy, and this has been made manifest in their attitude towards their famous countrymen.

These assertions of mine are distinct, and I make them in the fullest conviction of their truth. Let Mr. Murray contradict them if he can. Let him bring forth the passages in which Messrs. Barrie, Stevenson, Crockett, and the rest have been exalted above Sir Walter Scott. Let him prove the charges he scatters so freely, and then he will be entitled to some consideration.

When we pass from the region of fact to the region of opinion, there is very little here that calls for attention. Mr. Murray's great characteristic as a critic is his gross ignorance. Thus he writes a lampoon upon Mr. S. R. Crockett, which is founded upon Mr. Crockett's two weakest books, "Mad Sir Uchtrede of the Hills" and "The Stickit Minister." It is true that since the article was originally published Mr. Murray seems to have read a chapter of "Lads' Love," and rather liked it. But he has not read "The Raiders," he has not read "The Grey Man," he has not read "The Lilac Sunbonnet"—in fact, he has read nothing of Mr. Crockett's better or more characteristic productions. Mr. Crockett is a writer who, to my thinking, has grave faults; but he is entitled, as the meanest of us is entitled, to ask that, if persons prepare an estimate of his books, they should first of all do him the justice to read them. What would Mr. Christie Murray say if any critic were to write a paper on him, and found it on the pamphlet of detective stories which he wrote after Mr. Conan Doyle? His offence is no whit less rank than that would be. One is hardly surprised to see that Mr. Christie Murray pronounces "Pembroke" the best of Miss Mary Wilkins's books. He is quite intelligent enough to recognise that Miss Wilkins's permanent work has been done in her short stories, but probably he has never heard that she has written any short stories. Perhaps the triumph of critical acumen in this book is the combination of George Meredith and Hall Caine, who are discussed in one chapter, and as if they stood upon one level. I remember hearing of a somewhat strict old Scotchman who delivered a lecture on reading to a Young People's Mutual Improvement Society. He did not recommend fiction, "but," said he, "if you will read fiction, let it be the very best—George Meredith and Annie S. Swan." I respect Mr. Hall Caine and Miss Annie Swan, but whoever puts either on a level with George Meredith writes and signs his own character. Of "Nicholas Nickleby," Mr. Murray patronisingly says that "it is a young man's book, and as full of blemishes as of genius." He makes, as so many have made, an attempt to revive Charles Reade. He professes himself perplexed at the failure of all such attempts. I can solve the mystery for him. Charles Reade is not read because he is by far too lengthy, and because he is so often vulgar to the very marrow.

O. O.



MISS LOTTIE WILLIAMS IN "IN TOWN."

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ALFRED ELLIS, UPPER BAKER STREET, N.W.

THE BOOK AND ITS STORY.

AN ELIZABETHAN CLASSIC.*

Those in whom the love of reading goes with that of collecting will take this book to their hearts. Its "English undefiled" is drawn from the clear, pure spring which fed the prose of a time unequalled before or after in the annals of our literature. It was the happy fortune of the language, before Latinisms unduly stiffened it, to be the fluent medium of rendering into "the tongue that Shakspeare spoke" certain foreign masterpieces, as Plutarch's "Lives," Montaigne's "Essays," and the "Golden Ass" of Apuleius. Reprints of these are among the handsome volumes—light to the hand, and stately to the eye—of the Tudor Library, and to that select company there is now added Danett's translation of the *Memoirs of Philippe de Comines*, which, in the judgment of that sober critic, the late Sir Fitzjames Stephen, "probably contains a larger amount of matter of general and permanent interest than any other book of the fifteenth century."

De Comines, or Commynes, "a gentleman of very ancient house, and joined by blood and alliance to the best of the nation," was born at the town of that name, near Lille, about 1446. A man of action as also of letters, he was attached for a time to the Burgundian Court of Charles the Bold, but in 1472 forsook that Prince to serve his able but unprincipled rival, "the most Christian" Louis XI. It is the commemoration of the life and deeds of that "incarnation of the devil," as Scott calls him in the preface to "Quentin Durward," which was the chief object of Comines's "historie." A grant of land in the commune of Talmont from Louis to Comines brought him more plague than profit, lawsuits in after years over the title leading to both imprisonment and exile, until, in 1492 (a famous year), he was restored to favour by Charles VIII., the son and successor of Louis. Comines accompanied that monarch on his invasion of Italy in the following year, and remained in his service till 1498, when Charles died. His successor, Louis XII., made Comines's later years easy with place and pension until his death in 1511. Danett, of whom no biographical details are forthcoming, translated the "*Mémoires*" in 1566, about forty years after its publication in Paris. The translation remained in manuscript for thirty years, Danett arguing, as did François I. before him, that "bookes of this nature, treating of Princes' secrets, were unfit to be published to the vulgare sort." But "certaine gentlemen," who had rendered Danett assistance in the work, enlarging it "with such notes and pedigrees as seemed necessarie," urged the publication, "so that," says Danett, "would I, would I, to the presse the booke must go," for which our unavoidably late thanks are given to "certaine gentlemen." The first edition, dedicated to Lord Burleigh, appeared in 1596; the second and revised, of which the volumes before us are a reprint, in 1601. (We are, be it noted, near the years when Shakspeare's plays were appearing in rapid succession.) Danett appraises Comines as "wisest and best acquainted with all manners of State of any man of his time." He was of "tall stature, faire complexion, and goodly personage." Of "incredible memorie," he often indited at one time to "fower Secretaries severall letters of waightie affaires." Applying a vigorous mind, shrewd observation, and experience gained by travel, to the game of statecraft, in which he came to play a leading hand, he has given us no mere "drum and trumpet" chronicle, like Froissart, but a history of men and affairs, a history in which we see the writer striving, under such light as that dim age afforded, to reach the heart of things and build-up some theory of causes. But Comines accepted the current creed, and his philosophy is commonplace. His book may be looked on as the forerunner of those *Mémoires pour servir* in the writing of which the French have excelled from his day to ours. As has been said, the "historie" centres round Louis XI. The position of that monarch, surrounded by a number of independent princes, was unstable, and therefore he aimed at absorption of their territories. This led to a combination against him, a "Ligue du Bien Publique," of which

Charles the Bold was the head. The story of the many wars and intrigues following this counter move is both tedious and tortuous, and here it must suffice to say that the rashness of Charles ultimately proved ruinous to his cause, and that his death in 1476, followed seven years later by that of his nephew, our Edward IV. (all the English possessions in France, Calais excepted, had then been lost), secured the triumph of Louis at home and abroad. The first book of the "Historie" conveys a vivid impression of the Paris of Comines's day, for whose fleshpots, he tells us, the Burgundians lusted; and, sandwiched between the story of campaigns, is many a shrewd comment upon the actors. The nobles are fools alike in speech and dress; the princes are tolerated only as necessary evils. To the cruel and violent among them God has given as a check the republics of Venice, Genoa, and elsewhere. But he has pity for these rulers who labour for that of which they have no need, since no content comes therefrom. Of Louis he writes, as put into terse and virile English by Danett: "Small trust ought meane and poore man to repose in worldly wealth and honours, seeing this mightie King, after so long trouble and travell for the obtayning of them,

forsooke them all, and could not prolong his life one hower for all that he could do. I knew him and served him in the flower of his age and in his great prosperitie; yet never saw I him free from toile of bodie and trouble of mind. . . . Sure, in mine opinion, from his childhood till his death he was in continual toile and trouble, so that if all his pleasant and joyfull days were numbered, I thinke they should be found but fewe: yea, I am fully persuaded that for one pleasant there should be found twentie displeasent." Yet, though life on the whole spelt failure, never did man fear death so greatly, or do so much to avoid it. Comines graphically describes the means Louis took to prolong his life; how he sent for hermits to pray for him, and for relics—among these, the altar-cloth on which Saint Peter sang mass—to cure him; and how, when bedridden, he sought to conceal his illness from his subjects by assuming unwonted activity. He changed his servants, made and unmade his high officials, pressed on negotiations with foreign princes, and, strangest of all, ordered all sorts of breeds of dogs from Spain and Sicily, sent to Denmark and Sweden for elks and reindeer, and to Barbary for a species of small lions. He died in 1483.

Comines has special interest for historical students on this side the Channel in the observations which he makes on contemporary events in England during the reign of Edward IV. and the period of the

Wars of the Roses. He describes the English as civil, but stupid, and praises them as "good soldiers." But enough, let us hope, has been said indicative of the merits of the "Historie," and of its terse idiomatic rendering by Danett, to whet appetite for full enjoyment of a book to which Mr. Whibley does discriminating justice in his bright and scholarly Introduction.

EDWARD CLODD.

AN IMPORTUNATE POET.

A correspondent of the *Liverpool Post* recently sent an extract of a letter received from an Australian trooper complaining of the accommodation provided for the Colonials who came here for the Jubilee. This, happily, was an exceptional case. However, I am afraid the Colonial Premiers have suffered from a very different cause (writes a correspondent). I went into the country the other day, and got into conversation in the train with a gentleman of the legal persuasion, apparently a sharp and business-like man on all but one point. His weakness was poetry of a very mediocre sort, and he insisted on reading a few of his compositions which he had with him. When these gave out he bored me by repeating from memory those he had left at home, and then produced from a bulky pocket-book a number of type-written acknowledgments from Colonial Premiers, to all of whom he had sent copies of his wretched doggerel. If the unfortunate Premiers received stuff of a like description from many other poets of the sort—and read it—their stay here must have been anything but happy. For myself, I spent an exceedingly uncomfortable hour or two.



PHILIPPE DE COMINES.

* "The Historie of Philip de Comines: Englished by Thomas Danett anno 1596: with an Introduction by Charles Whibley." Two Vols. London: D. Nutt.

THE DRAMA AT EARL'S COURT.

Photographs by Russell, Baker Street, W.

Now that the summer is over, the open-air attractions of the Victorian Era Exhibition, although still potent, have lost something of their former sway, but, happily for the success of the enterprise, there is ample amusement to be found indoors. Apart from the various side-shows, for which, of course, a separate charge is made for admission, there are several sections of the Exhibition itself which are deserving of much more attention than they have received so far. The art galleries—which house some hundreds of fine paintings and a most excellent collection of the works of British sculptors—are well worthy of a special visit. The Art section has the advantage of being admirably situated, as well as arranged, and the Historical and Commemorative section cannot fail to be noticed by the public, while the place devoted to the illustration of woman's work during the Queen's reign occupies quite the best position at Earl's Court. But, reposing in comparative obscurity, yet popular and extremely interesting withal, is the Drama section, which furnishes a complete pictorial history of the English stage during the last sixty years. I can confidently recommend my readers to make a voyage of discovery, to penetrate into the vast and mysterious recesses of the stage of the "colossal" Empress Theatre, in the knowledge that anyone interested in the history of our theatre will be more than gratified in viewing the dramatic treasures which are here revealed. The work of organisation has been done by Mr. Austin Brereton, the honorary secretary of this section (and the manager of the Press department at Earl's Court), whose knowledge of the stage has once more stood him in good stead, as it has so often before.

There are over a thousand exhibits, and it is not too much to say that a special interest is attached to each one. The casual observer is struck by the large set scenes, which occupy much space, and represent not only scenes—saving the figures—from productions by Sir Henry Irving, Mr. H. Beerbohm Tree, Mr. Charles Wyndham, Mr. George Alexander, and others, but the generosity of the managers in lending their scenery and properties to a very formidable rival. Not only did they lend their portable property, but they lent their names to this

section of the Exhibition, every prominent London manager being on the honorary committee, Sir Henry Irving as chairman and Mr. Charles Wyndham as vice-chairman heading the list. Certainly they have reaped some advertisement in the general cause, but their generosity in the matter is yet another proof of the player's open heart.

The set scenes, however, although they occupy much room, are of secondary importance to the student of the stage, who finds his delight in the oil-paintings, the engravings, the framed play-bills, the autograph letters, and the other relics of the past. Mr. Brereton has

arranged his section, so far as possible, in chronological order, his portraits and pictures starting with Grimaldi (1779-1837), Richardson's Show, and Vauxhall Gardens. There are several rare portraits of the famous clown, some unique pictures—including an original Rowlandson—of Richardson's Show, and several most interesting views of Vauxhall Gardens. By way of contrast, these old prints surround the fine oil-painting, by G. E. Robertson, of the Forum scene from "Julius Cæsar," exhibited in the Academy in 1895, and near by are portraits of J. L. Toole, Oscar Barrett, G. R. Sims, the late Sir Augustus Harris's father, and others. In the next part of the Drama section are to be seen some of the most valuable exhibits. In the centre is a large oil-painting of Madame Vestris as Don Giovanni, while, close by, the charming actress is depicted—again in oil—in evening-dress. Other oils near by include a capital portrait of Macready, Mrs. Honey, Charles Dillon as Macbeth, and Liston. The well-known engraving from the latter picture is also exhibited. A most interesting picture is that of the reading of a play in the green-room of the Adelphi Theatre—which is here reproduced—containing portraits of Ben Webster, Madame Céleste,

Paul Bedford, and many another favourite of the past—thirty-two in number. This picture is the property of our Mr. Webster of to-day, by whom it has been lent. A smaller picture, but a gem, is that of Frederick Robson (1821-64), which hangs next to a frame containing portraits in oil of Mrs. Keeley as Smike in "Nicholas Nickleby," Ariel in "The Tempest," and Little Pickle in "The Spoil'd Child." A very rare engraving represents "Mr. McReady as Romeo."

In the next division, part of which has been photographed for *The Sketch*, the place of honour is occupied by John Pettie's large and life-like portrait of Charles Wyndham as David Garrick, the other



MR. HAINES AS THE BRIGAND.



A CORNER OF THE DRAMA SECTION.

important oils including Planché at the age of eighty-three, Mr. Malcolm Stewart's portrait of Fred Leslie, Miss Mary Moore as Ada Ingot, and the portrait of himself by W. G. Wills—an excellent picture. Here also are to be seen Mr. and Mrs. Bancroft, Miss Julia Folkard's picture of Mrs. Keeley, Stirling Coyne, Miss Irene Vanbrugh, and Hermann Vezin. One of the most notable pictures in this division is a large oil of Joseph Jefferson as Bob Acres, the work of a gifted young American painter, Mr. Frank Eugene. The same artist also sends large—and capital—oils of Jefferson as Rip Van Winkle, of Mrs. Brown-Potter as Charlotte Corday, and of Calvé as Carmen (the latter, though, being in the Music section). In the centre of the third division is Frank Holl's magnificent painting of Wilson Barrett as Hamlet, to the right is Augustus Harris in his Sheriff's robes, and a large pastel of Miss Marion Terry will delight all admirers of this thorough artist. Miss Mary Anderson is well represented by Mr. Van der Weyde's large portrait, and there is a scarce engraving of Edwin Booth. The American player, indeed, has been well remembered by Mr. Brereton, for, in addition to Mr. John S. Clarke, there is a very fine pastel of Miss Ada Rehan as Lady Teazle, this picture being placed next to the large oil, by James Archer, of Sir Henry Irving as 'Charles I. Sir Henry is also represented by a replica of Onslow Ford's statue of Hamlet, the first place of honour in the Drama section being rightly given to the Lyceum manager, whose portrait and statue, facing Mr. Hawes Craven's pretty picture of Hampton Court, from the Lyceum production of "Charles the First," finish this part of the Drama section. Miss Ellen Terry is seen, in character, in sixteen panel photographs by Messrs. Window and Grove, and Mr. Joseph Mordecai's painting of Mr. Clement Scott surmounts that of Mr. W. S. Gilbert, by Frank Holl, the best, by far, of all the modern pictures of players. Mr. Onslow Ford's bust of Mr. George Alexander flanks one of Alfred Mellon, the latter being lent by the Knight's Club.

It must not be thought that this brief summary of the main part of the section exhausts all the attractions. They would take pages merely to enumerate. The costume design room is a feature of its own. There are dozens of exquisite coloured designs by Wilhelm, and several frames containing pantomime and other costume-sketches by "Dykwynkyn" (Richard Wynn Keene) and by Alfred Crowquill. Here are also to be seen Fechter's own designs for his productions, at the Lyceum, of "Ravenswood," "The Duke's Motto," and "The Bride of Lammermoor," while Mrs. Charles Calvert sends the designs for her late husband's revival of "Henry V." at Manchester. Another "Calvert" memorial is found, although not in this particular place, in "The Entry of Henry V. into London," from the Manchester revival of 1872. One of the most charming frames in the costume design room is full of sketches by Planché—models of elegance and exactness; and interesting, in another way, are the sketches for the original production of "The Flowers of the Forest." This play, by the way, is well represented at Earl's Court, for, in a glass case, the original dress worn, in the first act, by Madame Vestris is on view. A third large room contains an extensive collection of framed play-bills of royal and other special performances. A large collection—over one hundred—of tinselled portraits is also on view. Other rooms in this most interesting part of the Victorian Era Exhibition are devoted to the display of additional portraits, the original drawings for some of the Lyceum souvenirs, architectural drawings, and scenic models.

COMMON OBJECTS OF THE STRAND.

III.—EDITORS.

I have often heard it said that editors are among the shyest of Nature's creatures, and certainly their capture is far from easy. The young collector generally makes the initial mistake of going to the place where the editor edits. There, of course, the editor has it all his own way. When nobody in particular goes to an office and asks to see the editor about nothing of importance, he is told that the editor is away for a few weeks, died the previous Wednesday, is engaged with two other gentlemen, and never sees anybody on Tuesdays. Personally, I never attempt to find an editor in the place where he edits, but I am glad to add, from my own experience, a few hints as to the methods by which a live editor may be captured.

At midday most of the best hansoms are going westward down the Strand with editors inside them. The editors are going to take their

luncheon at their clubs. It is at this point that the editor most often falls a prey to me. When his cab is stopped by the block, I climb up on the step and offer him articles. Sometimes I give a 'bus-driver a penny to knock an editor's cab over. Then I pull the man out of the wreck, hand him his hat, and offer him a short story. Stunned and senseless, he is likely to accept it. Of course, you may also see the editor in the club itself if you are rich enough and influential enough to be a member of it, but this is not probable.

Perhaps the ideal moment to catch an editor is when he is being shampooed. The barber holds the editor's head down firmly, while you read out your selection of what you have liked best in your own works. Even if he breaks away from the barber, he is not likely to escape into the street while wearing a pink linen overcoat and two towels. And when a man's hair is wet and he has got soap in both eyes he is not in a position to be effectively sarcastic. Undoubtedly, if you can catch an editor while he is being shampooed you have a very good chance.

The personal appearance of the editors varies very much, and they may easily be mistaken for other people.

It is best, therefore, to procure a photograph of the particular editor you wish to hunt. You must buy it at the shop. It is not of the least use to go to Scotland Yard and ask them to lend you their copy, because they will not do it. Then wait about in the Strand at midday until the original of the photograph passes in a hansom cab, and board the cab at the next block. But be sure that the man you select really is the original of the photograph. You have no right to call any man an editor unless you can prove it up to the hilt.

Some editors, to avoid pursuit, have the habit of sleeping by day and working by night. Hence the morning papers. Others have the more unprincipled trick of editing two papers at once. Then, when you are looking for the editor of the first paper, he swears that he is the editor of the second—and *vice versa*. In fact, the young collector will need to have all his wits about him.

BARRY PAIN.

Edmund Falconer.



W. Blanchard.

Frances Fitzwilliam.

Macready.

A GROUP OF PORTRAITS.

NOTE.

The Sketch will be on sale in the UNITED STATES at the offices of the International News Company, 83 and 85, Duane Street, New York; and in AUSTRALASIA, by Messrs. Gordon and Gotch, at Melbourne, Sydney, Brisbane, Adelaide, and Perth, W.A., Christchurch, Wellington, Auckland, and Dunedin, New Zealand.



MISS HILDA HANBURY.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY A. BASSANO, OLD BOND STREET, W.

THE ART OF THE DAY.

The long rest that London gives to art in the summer—a rest, as we all know, of preparation rather than of holiday—leaves the critic at leisure to gather up the fragments of things, as it were, and to make a general clearance (in the elegant language of the shopkeepers) of stock before the new and highly coloured wares of the autumn and of the winter seasons are upon us. But the growth of the real treasury of pictorial art is so slow, and its increase is brought from quarters so various, that the work of a year is necessarily a matter somewhat apart from the

On the whole, it would not be easy to recall a year in which less work that is memorable even in a minor way has been done. Some years ago it was amusing and engrossing, for example, to observe the progress and push of that little group of painters who were known collectively as the Newlyn School; but now they have been gathered into the bosom of the Academy, and Mr. Stanhope Forbes paints his rainy evenings by lamplight, and Mr. Frank Bramley paints his incense and lights in the interiors of Roman Catholic Churches, and there is now no expectation



AN OFFERING OF LOVE.—BLANCHE JENKINS.

EXHIBITED AT THE NEW GALLERY.

actual acquisitions of art, being rather the record of effort, of multitudinous outpourings, and of a great deal that amounts to nothing more than ambitious student-work.

When the Academy shutters, for example, rattle down and leave those acres of painted canvas behind them, to be scattered to the four winds, what memory do they leave behind—what memory of masterpieces achieved, of great artistic work done? It is futile to answer the question, for, indeed, that which we call the art of the year in London may, for this or that year, be nothing more than a mass of that necessary waste which must, as a matter of course, go towards the production of one single lasting work. It seems a mournful fact in life, but it is none the less one to be reckoned with.

beforehand, only a certain quantity of necessary praise or blame afterwards. Leighton and Millais both gone, it is not altogether easy to work up a vehement interest in the artistic labours of Sir Edward Poynter. Mr. Sargent, of course, is always here with fine work succeeding to fine work, and there are many other admirable artists whose separate pictures of this year may be remembered; but it is none the less true that the Academy of 1897 has closed its doors without leaving upon one's mind the impression of any collective vitality, or of any combination of interest by which it might be remembered.

To say this much of the Academy is to say the same, for all practical purposes, of all the galleries. In the New Gallery there were a few good pictures, and there was one minor sensation responsible for a

poem that has since been largely quoted, from the pen of Mr. Rudyard Kipling; but nobody would care to say that Sir Edward Burne-Jones's New Gallery picture was among his best works, and even Mr. Watts has brought us nothing of high importance. The minor exhibitions—so numerous, indeed, that they cannot be counted—have been responsible for the publication of much excellent work; but they too are closed, their day is done, and not much memory of them remains behind. It seems, indeed, a common enough and an usual enough cry from the critic year by year; but, frankly, when that critic turns back his mind in the time of his leisure upon the art-year that is gone, he will find it better to dwell therein as little as may be, and rather to direct his expectation towards the other art-year that will so soon begin.

I am just now staying at Morden, where the late James Milo Griffith, the sculptor, is buried. Mr. Griffith was a sculptor whose reputation was rather of use to him as a professional man than of extremely exciting interest to the artistic world of the few. Nevertheless, Mr. Griffith was a man of no mean talent. He was an excessively busy worker, if one may judge from the energy and constancy with which he exhibited at the Royal Academy, no less than from the number of public commissions which he executed, one of which was a statue of Sir Hugh Owen, erected at Carnarvon, and another a statue of John Batchelor, erected at Cardiff. It has been stated that in one year he exhibited no less than eight works at Burlington House, which, it may be remarked, is the maximum number allowed and is a very rare distinction indeed.

By their celebration of the four hundredth anniversary of Hans Holbein's birth in the present autumn the good people of Basle seem

to hold that 1497 (and not 1495 or 1498) was the year of the painter's nativity, and, further, that Basle itself (Inclytæ Basilea or Eleutheropolis, as the early printers used to call it), and not Augsburg or Grünstadt, was the place of his origin. The names of one or two recent buildings in

London attest that even men of our day do not forget the great painter so much of whose best work is at Hampton Court, at Christ Church, Oxford, and elsewhere in the country where he lived for so many years. His designs for the "Dance of Death" were, it will be remembered, copied for the Elizabethan Stage Society's revival of Marlowe's "Doctor Faustus" last year.

A Life of Holbein is contained in the Basle 1676 edition of Erasmus's "Praise of Folly," in which were reproduced from the originals at Basle the designs made by Holbein to illustrate that famous work. One of these, representing Old Age, it should be noted, bears a remarkable resemblance to Mr. Gladstone, wearing a sort of Scotch cap, and leaning upon a stick. The edition further comprises one of the numerous portraits of Erasmus painted by Holbein, a youthful portrait of the artist done by himself (from the Library of the Academy of Basle), and another in his forty-fifth year (from the Feschian Museum in that city). Moreover, there is a catalogue, or rather, "Index operum Joh. Holbenii," containing sixty items, some of which are notable for amplitude rather than for precision. For instance, Item 59 reads: "Besides, our Holbein painted very many portraits

of magnates (both men and women), which are preserved with the utmost care in many places, especially in England, where he spent the greatest portion of his life." No. 53 is the celebrated painting of Henry VIII. granting the charter to the Barber-Surgeons, and others of the more famous examples in England receive due mention.



A LITTLE ROBIN REDBREAST.—BLANCHE JENKINS.
Exhibited at the New Gallery.



"HE COMETH NOT," SHE SAID.—STUDY FROM LIFE BY J. STUART, JUNIOR, GLASGOW.



A LONE BACHELOR.



THE THREE GRACES.

DANISH DAIRY CATTLE.

Denmark at present leads the world in the supply of butter to England, both in quality and quantity. It has not been long noted for its dairy products, only thirty years ago attention being directed principally to

regular exhibitions arranged in a novel way. A telegram is suddenly sent to the farmers in a certain district for sample casks, and these have to be despatched by the next possible train after the receipt of the "wire," otherwise they are rejected. This is done to ensure that the sample is part of the general output, and has not been made specially for show.

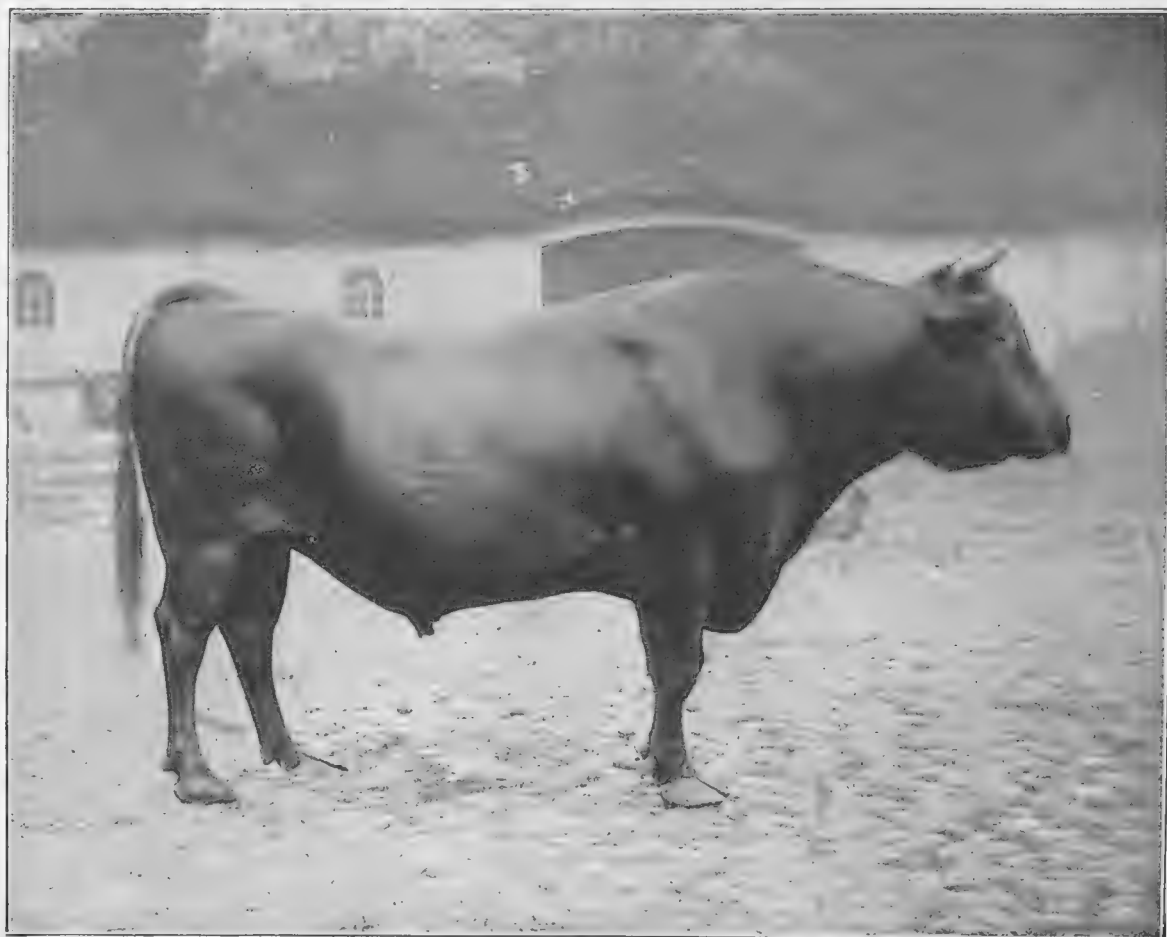
Defects are pointed out by the judges in Copenhagen, and the makers advised, and, if necessary, personally instructed how to remedy them. The result has been the creation of a high standard of butter in Denmark. As to the relative quality of English and Danish, a very pretty story is told, and, moreover, it is true. The Princess of Wales was inspecting the butter at a recent agricultural show, when her Royal Highness said she thought the best butter was made in Denmark. The steward, with great gallantry, replied, "No, your Royal Highness, we make the best butter in England, but the best Princesses come from Denmark." Perhaps the steward was right, but the English certainly fail to put on the market butter with such evenness of quality as do the Danes. This uniformity is not obtained, as is generally believed to be the case, and as it is in France and Holland, by blending, but simply by care in making and selection. The animals illustrated formed part of a collection on the farm of Mr. Hans Neilsen, of Tjoereby, near Frederiksborg Castle (the latter once the residence of the King of Denmark and now a national museum), and they well represent the native red breed. They were brought together for inspection by the British Dairy Farmers' Association, who made an excursion to Denmark and Sweden. The cows are kept to a very old age when they are good ones; indifferent and bad milkers are soon got rid of when the

test shows failure at the milk-pail. The bulls are darker in colour than the cows, with black ends, and approaching to fawn on the shoulders; they have Sussex-like markings in a very fine skin. They are rather flat in the ribs, which in a cow should be set wide apart to suit the Danish taste. Points for meat-yielding are not considered of importance. A. J. STANTON.



A DANISH COW.

raising grain and other crops to feed the people. Low values made corn-growing scarcely profitable, and a few men, such as Professor Segelecke, who still stands at the head of the illustrious agricultural teachers of the present century, foresaw that Denmark could be benefited by developing a dairy industry. It is unnecessary to relate how, step by step, progress was made, from a point where there were few dairy workers, to the grand system of production and manufacture now prevailing. The Government realised its importance, and gave money and other assistance to encourage agriculture generally and butter-making in particular. Not much more than a quarter of a century ago Denmark imported 10,594 cwt. of butter and exported 98,501 cwt.; in 1896, 323,492 cwt. were imported and 1,210,568 cwt. exported. This increase has been gained by improving the breed of cattle, the introduction of machinery, co-operation in manufacture, and supplying the British market. The cattle of the country are of two breeds generally—the Angle red and the Jutland black and white, the former being mostly preferred. They possess, as will be seen by the photograph of the cow, great dairy qualities, and it is customary to milk them three times daily, instead of twice, as in England. This operation is done by women, and a dairymaid on a large farm will milk twenty cows twice a-day in addition to doing work in the dairy. This is just about double the quantity performed by a milker, whether male or female, in England. The milk is mostly taken by the farmers to factories, which are managed by committees, and there converted into butter. To ensure quality the Government have



A DANISH BULL.

THE FAMILY OF JEAN CLERMONT.

Jean Clermont is a trainer of animals, and his family, so far as I have been introduced, consists of a very big pig, two dogs, and two cocks. There was a donkey, but, coming from New York, there was also a heavy gale, and the donkey threw himself overboard to seek fresh carrots and pastures new in the illimitable depths. Which proves the late donkey to have been an ass.

I first made the acquaintance of paterfamilias Clermont upon the Empire stage, wherefrom he was about to amuse his audience. George Capel, the clever stage-manager, ever so much improved in sympathy and good-will towards all men since he recently became the proud father of a fine boy, effected the introduction. Then, as the ballet was over and Madame Lanner had left the stage, I sat in her seat and watched the turn.

First came Clermont, who introduced himself and the big boar. The man bestrode the pig, the pig ran about after the man and climbed a pedestal and ate sugar; the audience showed by unmistakable signs that the pig was not a bore.

Then came a cock of the common or barnyard species, and he crew his salutation to the audience several times at word of command. After him came another one, who did the same thing. Clermont took the last-comer in his arms, preparatory to returning him to his native basket. A hen's-egg dropped to the ground. It did not break; I can't offer explanations, but the audience was exceedingly tickled. When the applause subsided the poodle came forward to the piano and played "The Last Rose of Summer" in a style suggestive of the amateur.

Clermont himself looked on anxiously; evidently he thought that his credit as a teacher of the piano was at stake, but no harm befell, and both man and dog seemed pleased when that item was over. So was I. Then a tiny little rough terrier rushed on in a state of excitement and a fancy waistcoat. He turned back-somersaults on a mat, and seemed to like the exercise. After that Clermont decided that the public had had all it paid for, so he gave them a fancy smile as though to settle the question of good value, and when the curtain saw the smile it fell heavily.

Some trick-bicyclists took possession of the stage, but in the wings I formed myself into a Committee of Inquiry, and interrogated Jean Clermont.

He is a big man, with foreign accent and kind expression, and he at once assured me that kindness and patience are his stock-in-trade for all training purposes.

There are altogether six cocks in training. Clermont's method is to put the bird in front of a looking-glass, and then go outside the door and imitate a crow. You understand me, a cock-crow, the war-cry of the domestic bird, not the carrion. As soon as the new bird will crow he is rewarded with something nice to eat, and very soon he learns to call as

though his life were a perpetual sunrise. This happy state being reached, promotion to Stageland follows, but very often the bird that will crow to a looking-glass will not call to a crowd. Then the trainer gets left.

The poodle pianist took many months to teach. Clermont told me with deep regret that the dog has no ear for music, and when an animal has played "The Last Rose of Summer" for years, this lack of musical ear is matter for deep gratitude on the part of the dog. I did not suggest the fact, but listened with sympathy and attention to the tale. The practice of the dog takes place on a table, and the animal is taught to put his paw first on one number and then on another. These numbers correspond to the notes, and, in playing, the animal relies entirely on the order of the notes and his previous lessons—the sound is no guide to

him. Clermont has been a trainer all his life, and says that unwearying patience and perseverance will alone enable a man to achieve satisfactory results. He is the type of man who would be likely to have the patience required, and there is no suggestion of cruelty about the performance he presents. The disappointments of the work are very considerable. Animals trained through many a weary month will at the last moment fail their trainer; the tricks they have mastered in private are lost when they come upon the stage and face a large audience and the brilliant lights. Clermont told me of one bird over whose training he took special trouble in America. Everything seemed right, and went well as late as rehearsal. When the evening came the bird was frightened by the accidental slipping of a back-cloth, and never smiled—I mean crowed—again. The work of a year was thus Clermont's Labour Lost.

The donkey above referred to was a great loss to the Clermont family. He had developed wonderful intelligence; if I recollect rightly, he sang, and kicked his master and preceptor. Perhaps in some siren's cave he now sings to

a select audience of Tritons; perhaps he is a "star" turn in some vast submarine Hall, where there is a ballet of mermaids, and old Father Neptune lounges in the wings to flirt with the girls. Perhaps he has attracted the love of some immortal houri, and basks in her smiles. Did not Titania dream she was "enamoured of an ass"?

It was with these sage reflections that I bade Clermont dry his tears and expressed my profound sympathy with him. If I were a dog, I would not choose a life of training, even though I might aspire to the lofty heights of the Empire stage. I would much prefer to be brought up on a cushion, to be fed on every conceivable dainty, to drive in the Park with my mistress, to be adored by the pretty women, and, in return for all these good things, to viciously snap at everybody. But if I had to be trained, I would much rather go to Clermont than to other men I could name, who follow the same profession with methods less humane.

S. L. B.



"MILADY."

Photo by Talma, Melbourne.

A T R A N D O M.

BY L. F. AUSTIN.

"We'll e'en to 't like French falconers, fly at anything we see."

The nocturnal illumination of London must be very interesting to the stranger. He is approaching Trafalgar Square, musing on Nelson and England's glories. Suddenly from the dark front of a house starts a gigantic and dazzling letter. "V," murmurs the stranger, struck with admiration; "I" (as another letter pierces the gloom). "Ah! these English are so patriotic; they make the night beautiful with the name of their illustrious Queen!" A third letter shows this speculation to be erroneous; and when the whole word is spelt in flame, he perceives that it proclaims, not the Majesty of England, but a brand of soap. Meanwhile, alphabetical lustre is darting upon his vision in other places; more commodities greet him with a crimson glare, as if blushing violently at their advertisement, and then turn pale. Why should not this enlightened device of commerce be carried further? Publishers might illuminate their premises with the ecstasies of gas-jets over the merits of popular novelists. There is a blazing announcement in the Strand every night that a certain medicament "touches" a scarlet "spot." Why should we not be told in the same way that a renowned author "touches the heart"? There might be a portrait of him (in gas), laying a symbolic finger on the great heart of the people, this organ visibly palpitating in blood-red particles!

This is not an age for hiding lights under bushels. Unassuming merit, as Miss O'Connor Eccles remarks in the *Windsor Magazine*, is a poor endowment if you want to make a figure in the world. Before long we may find individuality making its name luminous on its front-door, and the standard of modesty readjusted so that a man will be called retiring who does not sketch the principal achievements of his life, with particulars of his income, in a transparency above the first-floor window. Flash-light biographies may give a pleasing glamour to many a London street which now shrouds even the numbers of its houses after nightfall in a sullen reserve. True, there are people who keep on calling for more reticence, especially in the business of authorship; but they do not sufficiently appreciate the conditions of their epoch. We live in such a swirl, that, if an author is to do his duty by his publisher (often a man with a wife and family), he must devote no small part of his inventive faculty to the creation of original and impressive attitudes. Fancy his feelings if, having buried himself away from the swarm of men, in some mountain solitude, he is suddenly accosted one day by a tourist, who, in heated accents, exclaims, "So I have found you at last, sir! What do you mean by hiding yourself like this? There has not been a single paragraph about you for a month, and the twenty-first edition of your novel is not selling at all! What business is it of mine, sir? Why, I am one of your publisher's poor relations! If you persist in behaving in this disgraceful manner, I shall starve!"

Besides, there is such a passion for celebrity now that the most bashful amongst us is not safe. At any moment he may find himself in the tide of paragraphs, shooting the rapids of personal gossip. He need not have written a book; it is quite enough to wear his hat at a particular angle, or to be seen in a certain street every day at the same time. I have lately heard of an unpretentious citizen who has never slept out of London for eight years. Does he fondly imagine that he will escape the interviewers for ever? They will swoop down on him soon, and tell him that the great heart of the people is bursting with curiosity to know what it is like to sleep nearly three thousand consecutive nights in this city. How does he resist the seduction of Saturday to Monday? Was he crossed in love in a country house, or did damp sheets at Brighton make him swear an oath never to sleep out of town again? Is there any philosophy in this singular habit, or does it spring from a mild type of eccentricity? Have any of his friends ever attempted to break this rule by stratagem, and has he ever kept his vow with the help of a special train? These questions will pour upon him when the interviewers get wind of his sporting "record." His portrait will appear in the illustrated papers, and he will be invited to lecture on vegetarianism, "rational dress," and the right of freeborn Britons to eight hours' repose.

Here is a simple means of making one of those reputations which society carefully nurses. You can imagine people treating this man as a prodigy, finding something remarkable in his conversation, wondering whether his children, if he has any, will inherit this resolve never to sleep out of London. His head may be turned by such celebrity till he is as infatuated as Mr. H. G. Wells's "invisible man." This student of

chemistry and optics manages to decolourise his blood and make his tissues transparent. You may smile in a superior way, and say it cannot be done; but his explanation is so plausible that I fully expect meeting of the British Association to listen with breathless amazement some day to an invisible presence reading a paper. I am not sure that Mrs. Grundy will tolerate this scientific marvel, for, to be transparent you must be absolutely nude. Mr. Wells's pioneer runs round Russell Square with nothing on, and the only circumstantial detail that is omitted is the indignant assertion of Mrs. G. that she could see the monster quite well.

In a climate like ours, transparent nudity is a comfortless condition, and I do not wonder that the enterprising student yearns for Algiers. When he dons clothes, he excites the inconvenient curiosity of strangers because he has to bandage his invisible head and wear goggles and a false nose. When he is clad in transparency he may excite suspicion at any moment by violent sneezing; moreover he cannot carry any tangible substance—money, for instance—without attracting immediate attention to this object moving mysteriously through the air. He cannot eat in public, for the sight of victuals disappearing into invisible jaws is apt to provoke wrathful curiosity. It is possible that a man of great self-control might endure these penalties for the sake of science, and mitigate most of them by taking the world into his confidence. Given time, money, and patience, the "invisible man" might have made his clothing transparent, and played the part of an unseen Providence, doing good by stealth, without any risk of blushing to find it fame. Think of the holy joy of a millionaire who could make himself invisible whenever he wanted to bestow a munificent gift without seeing it attached to his name in the papers! What an *incognito* for Haroun-al-Raschid and Prince Florizel of Bohemia! An invisible Ulysses might have dispensed with the escort of the lion; and if Lady Godiva had known all about the decolourising of the blood she could have been considerably disappointed her husband and Peeping Tom. But it must be too extravagant a fantasy to suppose that ladies would consent to be transparent under any conditions.

The whole game is spoilt for Mr. Wells's hero by his violent temper and his huge appetite. The vegetarian lady, who has been trained to cruelty and hardness of heart to a flesh diet, will see in the invisible Mr. Griffin's behaviour a startling confirmation of her views. In his manner of devouring cutlets is wolfish, and vegetarians will not be surprised to learn that soon after this meal he embarks on a career of murder. It is said that an excellent dinner disposes the heart of man to benevolence, and at least one gospel of charity was inspired by the ideal of a universal distribution of beef and suet-pudding. Such is the artfulness with which the flesh-eater upholds his evil dominion! If beef were abolished, and suet put under a ban, if a vegetable diet were made compulsory in the land, we should see a marvellous decline of angry passions. Assault and battery would cease to occupy the attention of police-courts. That woman whose unbridled tongue drove a neighbour to seek redress from a magistrate the other day would be silent; for what keeps a tongue going relentlessly but the heat which is generated in the blood by chops? Let us repent, my brethren, over our dish of herbs, in order (as the vegetarian ladies express it) that "the physical frame of man may be spiritualised," and the vegetable millennium set in!

Was Hamlet a vegetarian? I am inclined to suspect it. Mr. Forbes-Robertson's impersonation. The blood of this gracious and melodious Dane is distinctly cool. When he exclaims in the churchyard "I loved Ophelia," I discredit the statement because he has not given the slightest indication of this passion. He reminds me of the æsthetic gentleman in Mr. Gilbert's song, who is "content with a vegetable love which would certainly not suit me." In his scene with Ophelia he contrives to eliminate the suggestion that the anguish of wiping away "all trivial fond records" is an effort that nearly unhinges his mind. His reproaches to the Queen have no touch of embittered tenderness. The biting irony of Hamlet is superseded by a kind of elegant jocularity, such as makes the lemonade decanter circulate at a vegetarian feast. He treats the unmasking of Claudius in the play-scene as rather a good joke, and the fierceness of Hamlet's mental struggle when he stands behind the praying king with a drawn sword is avoided by the omission of the most vital incident. Even Hamlet's frenzy over the disclosure of the Ghost is toned down to a gentlemanlike deportment. There is no hysteria, no morbid analysis, no subtle poignancy of melancholy, nothing pathetic or terrible—nothing, indeed, but a graceful superficiality and an admirable elocution. If Mr. Forbes-Robertson is right, then Shakspeare intended Hamlet to illustrate the æsthetics of vegetarianism.

THE LIGHT SIDE OF NATURE.



OLD MAN : Ah ! it 'ud be very hard, Sir, to pass a law to shut up th' public-'ouses on a Sunday.

PARSON : But you could surely buy what you wanted on Saturday night ?

OLD MAN : Aye, but d' yer think I could sleep if I knowed there was any beer in the 'ouse ?



MODEL (*who has been "supering" at the Lyceum*): Yes, Mr. Forbes-Robertson's a great actor; 'e's fine as 'Amlet! I think 'e's best when 'e shows 'is mother the two photographs and says, "Look at them pictures."



COLD COMFORT.

"Ah, John! I'm going on a longer journey than you've ever driven me,"
"There's one comfort, yer honour; it's all down-hill,"



THINGS I HAVE NOT SEEN: A TIGER HUNT.

A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL.

THE APOTHEOSIS OF DERRY KEENO.

BY MAXWELL LAURIE.

Husband and wife sat by the fireside in the kitchen of their little New England homestead.

"The lad would 'a-made a right smart business man," Tubal observed regretfully.

"It is the Lord's doing," Rebecca replied; "we must help him, Tubal, lest the curse of Meroz fall on us."

There was a long pause, pregnant with the future of their son Hiram.

Tubal pursed his mouth and wagged his shrewd old head. But Rebecca gazed into the wood fire. At times, as she thought of the sacrifice of her son's business prospects, her features stiffened into hardness. Then, as other and higher thoughts succeeded, the Puritan emerged, and her face was the face of Deborah, summoning her nearest and dearest to do the Lord's bidding.

Tubal watched her with keen side-glances from under his shaggy eyebrows. Hiram was her only son, her Reuben and her Benjamin, her first and her last, and the word lay with her, and Tubal waited. He himself did not favour the project; he was a Yankee first and a Puritan afterwards.

One of his sideward glances caught his wife as her eyes lightened and she gripped the arms of the chair she was seated in. Tubal smiled grimly. That was the prophetess—that was Deborah.

Then, after a few moments, he looked up again, but turned away his head shyly, for her face was an upward face, seeing visions—a face with a visible radiance of the glory of renunciation.

Tubal arose in silence and went out to seek his pastor.

"I reckon it's a Call, sir," he said. "Taking it in the lump, I reckon it's a Call."

Thus Hiram became missionary-designate.

The next step was to determine his destination. The pastor, the Rev. Pat Clafin, suggested China. Hiram asked for time, and read a few missionary Reports bearing on that country. It would be unfair to him to say that these recitals of danger braved and difficulties overcome daunted him. No; Hiram had a nervous enthusiasm which would have led him smiling to the stake; but there was in him, at the same time, an intensely matter-of-fact genius, which forbade him to see in these Reports anything but a practical admission of total failure.

"I am a weak vessel," he said to the Reverend Clafin, somewhat shamefacedly. "And," he continued, "Chinese is a pisenous—I mean—I would say"—he corrected himself with confusion—"an extremely difficult language. And the results—well, the results, you know—"

He hesitated, and the Reverend Clafin's eyes twinkled.

"Try the Red Puggs," he suggested.

Hiram read the Reports of the Red Pugg Mission, and saw in them a goodly catalogue of converts, churches, harmoniums, and catechists.

"I perceive," he observed to the Reverend Clafin, "I perceive that we who labour in the East have to cope with the veiled hostility of British o-ficials. I reckon I could do that."

"Indeed?" remarked the Reverend Clafin drily.

"Yes," continued Hiram. "One of these Reports describes the British o-ficials as Gallios. And the mercantile class seems equally callous. It is very lamentable. I feel a call to deal with them."

The Reverend Clafin held himself in.

"Quench not the Spirit," he had to say to himself. "This young enthusiast will find his level. Let it work." But "You must be cautious" was all he permitted himself to say aloud.

"I shall use the means, I shall use the means," said Hiram, and the eyes of the pale, strenuous New Englander flashed as in imagination he saw himself hailed before a British Proconsul, saw the majesty of the law quail before his impassioned pleadings.

Thus Hiram became medical missionary probationer, and, finally, medical missionary elect, and he went out to the Far East equipped with a very complete knowledge of certain lines of dry goods and a somewhat less adequate acquaintance with the *Materia Medica*.

On his arrival in the Farther East, he was not a little surprised at the nature of the first task entrusted to him.

"You will go round to Massaleen," the Missionary Secretary directed him, "and you will take these cases with you. They contain—ahem!—canned provisions—ahem!—and other things. 'This side up with care.'"

"Why, cer'nly," Hiram replied, and, although enthusiastic, he expressed no burst of astonishment when he opened the cases at Massaleen and, on checking the invoice, found that the contents were mainly small square bottles, with a Revenue stamp on them and on the wrappers the legend, "Derry Keeno's Agony Bitters." He merely said to himself, "Ahem! with care, this side up!" and awaited further orders.

With a view to learning the rudiments of the Pugg language, he remained for some time in the local headquarters. And he learnt a thing, or two things, or even more.

One of the things he learnt was that there were two opinions regarding the merits of Derry Keeno's Agony Bitters. The baser of those opinions he became acquainted with one morning on the road which passed the Mission School. He saw a mission-cart approaching, with two of the well-known cases on it.

A little Roman Catholic priest, dusty and way-worn, stopped and scrutinised the cases. What he saw was not, it would seem, to his satisfaction, for he scowled, and spat on the ground in an unchristian manner.

Hiram also had an opportunity of becoming acquainted with the veiled hostility of British officials, thus:

One afternoon his superior in the mission returned from the office of the Collector of Income-tax. He was spluttering with indignation.

"What has happened, sir?" Hiram inquired deferentially.

The elder man's rage was at first too great for coherent expression. At last Hiram was given to understand that the Collector had refused to accept the missionary's statement of income.

"I showed him my salary warrant," said the Reverend Adoniram, conclusively.

"Yes?" hinted Hiram interrogatively.

"But," continued the Superintendent, "he insisted that I was suppressing something. It was very wounding, considering my profession."

"It was so," assented Hiram. "But what were his reasons?"

"Why, he said I had the best trap and ponies in Massaleen, and the most comfortable house; and that I couldn't do it on the money; and that I had money lent out at interest among the Puggs. I said, 'Can you prove it?' And he said, 'Yes, I can;' and he asked me what profession he should enter opposite my name. He wanted to put 'money-lender.' I demurred, nat'rally."

"Nat'rally," assented Hiram.

"Then he suggested 'Vendor'—'Vendor of Pay'n Medicines.' I demurred again."

"Finally, he said, 'I shall enter you as a Mercantile Missionary.' And he did it, too. I protested. I said, 'Not mercantile, but medical.'

"Oh no," says he, 'you haven't got a medical degree, not even a Chicago one.' And he put it so in his register."

"It showed a great want of charity," commented Hiram diplomatically. But he stored up the incident, along with others, for future reference.

At last the time came for Hiram to fare forth into the jungle villages. He started with three carts, a pony, and a catechist.

"Try Dunjee," the Superintendent advised. "There was a good work done at Dunjee two years ago, but no one has visited the place since. They take our medicines reg'lar."

"How long did the visitation last when you were there two years ago?"

"Only a week, but the work was wonderfully blessed. You might stay there several days; yes, even a week. It is ready to the reaper. They take our stuff reg'lar."

Hiram turned his carts towards Dunjee.

"That third cart seems very heavily laden," he observed to the Pugg Catechist, who spoke American.

"It is Agony, sir."

"How?"

"It is Derry Keeno's Agony Bitters. The Red Puggs call it Agony for short. It is medicine."

"Oh, you give it away gratis?"

"No—we sell it. The Red Puggs like it."

"Indeed? Fetch me a bottle and let me taste it."

The Catechist opened a bottle and handed it over.

Hiram sniffed it cautiously.

"Camphor!" he ejaculated. Then he sniffed again.

"Resins of sorts? No. A kind of root beer," he conjectured.

Then a third sniff, and a long whistle of surprise.

"Whew! Alcohol, as I'm a sinner! And morphia! Good sakes!"

He rubbed a few drops on the back of his hand, and observed the rapid evaporation. Then he put the bottle to his mouth and tasted. The fiery liquid snatched his breath away.

"Good sakes!"—he turned to the Catechist—"ye could git drunk on a spoonful."

"Oh no, sir," the Catechist replied in a tone of reproof; "some of the Red Puggs can drink a whole bottle without getting very drunk."

"And this is the medicine you're selling to the Puggs?" inquired Hiram.

"Only to the Christian Puggs, sir."

Hiram looked around. His eyes rested for a moment on the three cartmen. They were Christian Puggs, and they smiled—broadly but sheepishly, deferentially withal, as who should say, "Kindly pass the bottle."

But Hiram recollected the Reverend Clafin's counsel, and was cautious. He recorked the bottle, and handed it back to the Catechist.

On the evening of the third day the little expedition arrived at Dunjee.

"Wait outside the village, sir, and I will call the headman, who will make arrangements for your camp," said the Catechist, and he entered the little stockaded village.

Hiram, waiting outside in the dusk, heard the Catechist shouting out for the chief.

Then there seemed to be a commotion in the village. He heard cries of delight, one man calling out excitedly to another. He saw, between

the chinks of the stockade, people running to and fro in the twilight, smoothing their long dark tresses and donning their gayest clothing. There was every evidence that his arrival was welcome, and his heart went out to the unsophisticated tribesmen.

Then there was silence. The villagers had mustered round the headman and were coming out in a body to receive the stranger. They approached with profound respect.

"My lord," commenced the headman.

"Wal, friend, what is it?" replied Hiram kindly.

"We are all rejoiced to meet the Great Teacher. It is two years since a Great Teacher first came to us, and we have longed for his return. We have been athirst and we have been hungered, but now we have our desire and we are satisfied."

The dark, homely faces of the villagers were alight with smiles of innocent, ingenuous gratification, and as they with one accord said, "It is true, my lord," there was the ring of artless, unaffected pleasure in their voices.

The headman continued, "O Great Teacher, we have kept the precepts which the former Teacher, the man of the winning voice and the fat body, gave to us. We have worshipped his religion, as given in the Book of Beginnings; and we have drunk the good medicine."

"This is very remarkable," Hiram observed, turning to the Catechist. "Quite a unique occurrence, I should judge?"

"No, sir; it is not unusual. They are easily converted, these Red Puggs; they are very simple-minded."

"Indeed? Wal, would you kindly convey to them that I am not yet master of this language, but hope soon to be?"

The Catechist interpreted.

Hiram continued.

"Say that the goodness of their hearts makes their faces to shine. Say that I hope to abide long with them."

The Catechist continued his interpretations.

There were interruptions.

"My lord is very good. The Great Teacher is our father and our brother."

"Say that I am tired, for I have come a long journey; but that I hope to meet them to-morrow morning, when the sun has climbed to the height of a palm-tree above the horizon." He stopped. The villagers seemed to be taking counsel of one another.

"You must tell him," said one, nudging his neighbour.

"No, you must do it."

"Let the headman do it," one suggested, the rest approving.

"My lord," resumed the headman, "we shall rejoice to meet you to-morrow morning. It will be to us as if the sun had risen twice. But it is the desire of our village to show to the Great Teacher what we have done in these two years."

Hiram assented gladly. The headman rose and led the way, Hiram following. Next came the crowd of villagers.

Hiram felt that he was being keenly scrutinised by a hundred pairs of black eyes. There was evidently some great surprise in store for him. The crowd was buzzing with suppressed excitement.

"I wonder what he will say!"

"Will he be surprised—pleased?"

"Oh, but I do hope so!"

"Has the place been kept clean?"

"Clean!" indignantly. "It is as bright as a new platter."

And so, throughout the whole crowd, an excited, breathless murmur of anticipation.

The headman led the way through the village. It was late twilight, and the wicks burnt smokily in little rude earthenware oil-cups. The women peered out from the huts, they clutched each other by the arm in delight and excitement and followed in the whispering wake of the crowd.

The tension of suppressed feeling was strained to breaking-point as they arrived at the opposite boundary fence of the village.

"Now!—now!—watch him—look at his face!" and every eye was eagerly fixed on the young missionary.

The headman had again prostrated himself.

"My lord and Great Teacher. This is our work of two years. Will my lord look at it?"

Hiram saw in front of him a humble little wooden church, built after the model of the Mission Church at Massaleen.

"My lord," the headman continued, "it has been a difficult thing for us to do this. We have but an indifferent carpenter. We have hardly any money, for we buy and sell in kind. We have built the church plank by plank, when we had a few coppers or a holiday. Even the poorest of us could fell a tree or buy a handful of nails. Our potter has made the oil-cups, and our women have woven the mats for the floor. It is our own handiwork. May it find favour in the eyes of our teacher!"

He stopped and looked up at the white man, a dog-like trust in his eyes.

The hard, strenuous Yankee was standing perfectly motionless. His hands were clasped, his face was pale, and the tears were pouring down unchecked.

"Poor, dear souls!" he said in a broken voice. "God bless them! Ripe to the sickle indeed! Their own handiwork! God bless them!"

The villagers gazed in silence. They had looked for childish expression of rapture, but they heard only a few broken words and saw

a few tears, and they knew that they had their reward in full measure. Men and women wept in ready sympathy.

"Will my lord come inside? The God of the Christians is there."

Hiram awoke from his dreams and prayers and entered the building. He took off his hat. Westminster had not moved him half so much as this rude little Bethel with its mat-covered floor and its smoky, flaring oil-cups. He fell again into a dream. The dim lamps suggested infinite darkness; the low murmurs of the villagers became the orisons of millions. He was Saint Columba; he was Peter the Hermit.

"The God of the Christians is here, my lord."

It was the voice of the headman, disturbing the visions of youth.

"He is; indeed he is, my friend."

"Shall I show him to my lord?"

Hiram was puzzled, fancying he had misunderstood.

"Show him to me? What do you mean?" he asked angrily.

But the headman continued with quiet persistency.

"He is here. He dwells here. Shall I show him to my lord?"

Hiram looked at him, almost in horror. The inquiry, so innocent, so matter-of-fact, staggered him. The headman, putting his own interpretation upon the missionary's silence, rose to his feet and beckoned. Hiram followed him to the eastern end of the church. There the headman again prostrated himself, and said in tones that trembled with love and reverence—

"My lord, this is the dwelling of the God of the Christians, and here is the God of the Christians whom we worship."

He pointed out something, a vague pyramidal shape in the semi-darkness.

Hiram stood still; his knees began to tremble. He turned hot, and then cold, and a sweat came out on his forehead. He advanced a step nearer, his eyes peering into the obscurity. Then he suddenly lurched forward, and crumpled up on the floor in a dead faint.

What had been pointed out to him as the God of the Christians was a pyramid of empty bottles of Derry Keeno's Agony Bitters.

The unsophisticated Red Puggs, left to their own infantine imaginings for two years, had actually believed—well, it was a pitiful mistake.

And when Hiram turned his pony's head again towards Massaleen, he was in a rage, a boiling rage, that lasted him many years.

"You will forfeit your passage-money," the Superintendent said to him after a stormy interview.

"Damn the passage-money!" said the godly Hiram, and he took a deck passage by the next steamer.

Tubal and Rebecca were unfeignedly glad to see him again in their little homestead, and refunded the passage-money with equanimity.

"Guess you did right, sonny; guess you did right," the Reverend Claffin said, patting him on the shoulder. "You can't serve God and Mammon; at least, not that way. Now, will you subscribe to my Foreign Mission Fund?"

Hiram's answer might have exposed him to a charge of profanity. He'd see Foreign Missions further first. Massachusetts was good enough for him.



"CHERRY RIPE."

Photo by J. Bennet, Clapton.



A CRISIS: SUCH WITCHING LOOKS ARE BAITED HOOKS.

AN ANGLO-AMERICAN SINGER.

CHAT WITH MISS MARIE ENGLE.

How drab this world would be if it lost the music of the human voice; why, half the joy of living would be gone! And just think what the Anglo-Saxon peoples have done for the melody of the spheres—think, and a jewelled crown of names rises out of the seven seas.

It is one of these (writes a *Sketch* interviewer) that I have for text, and we owe it to the great branch of the family beyond the Atlantic.



MISS MARIE ENGLE.

Photo by Moreno, New York.

Yet, seeking a precise description, I have called Miss Marie Engle an Anglo-American singer—what a sweet word that, and how sweetly she sings!—because she now belongs to us almost as much as to her native land.

She is going to Spain this winter—going to Old Madrid—and I called to wish her luck and more conquered countries. The great charm of Miss Engle lies in this—that she remains a woman although she has become a prima-donna. That is so clever an epigram—or is it an epigram at all?—that I was bound to set it down, but the responsibility is mine, and mine alone.

How am I to describe Miss Engle?—for really that is necessary, and I have no art in such a matter. My recollection of her frock is certain on one point only—namely, that she and it made a winsome picture between them. Then as to her hat, and I am doubtful in my own mind whether the trimming was green or blue, or, indeed, either of those colours. Only, again, the hat was part of Miss Engle, and that is more expressive than all the technical terms of a milliner's shop.

Blue eyes and fair hair—to those I can take affidavit, as also to a merry laugh and a pretty gift of humour. Ah, wouldn't it be fine to write articles for the papers if they always had to do with the American woman? Miss Engle can't get away from her Transatlantic sisters—she wouldn't for the world—and it is well, though she gravely urged, "You see, I have become a little of everything."

"What am I to tell you, what can I tell you?" she greeted me; "what is there to ask? There's nothing romantic in my history; it's been as prosaic as you like. Why, only recently I've been to Carlsbad to drink the horrid waters, and surely that is unpoetic enough."

"Never mind, you'll soon be in Spain—Spain, the land of romance?"

"Perhaps; but don't forget that I have to sing there for three months on end, and such a task doesn't leave much room for any romantic element? What will my programme include? Oh, everything that is lovely. I shall take the parts of Ophelia, of Marguerite, of Juliet—all love-sick maidens, more or less. I'm also going to do Traviata, Mignon, and Zerlina in 'Fra Diavolo.' After Spain I fancy I shall be going to Russia for a season—to Russia, where I'm told they throw jewels at your feet in token of appreciation. I wonder if they'll throw any at me; it would be an interesting experience. The public of England and America—of America and England—have been most-kind, most generous, to me. That takes me back in memory to my first appearance. No, it wasn't in Chicago, although I was born there."

"Your musical education—were you trained in America?"

"Yes; I went to New York while quite a girl, and studied under Madame Murio Celli. I imagine I was born to sing; anyhow, when I was a little mite of a thing I sang better than I do now. You think me joking, but you mustn't. Who would joke on so serious a topic? Well, I had no idea of going on the stage for years to come, but Colonel Mapleson happened to be in New York and heard me sing."

"And he asked you to join his forces?"

"Exactly. Didn't I feel grand? Didn't I flatter myself that I was somebody of importance? To be asked to join a company that included Madame Nordica and other celebrated singers. Why, it was perilously near turning my head. I took one of the parts which I have already mentioned to you, and I began with it at San Francisco. I didn't get on at all badly, and the folks of San Francisco were very good to me. But there were many things I had to learn. Between you and me, I may whisper that I have been learning ever since. Study and work—those are your marching orders, but also, I believe, the chief happiness of all who are in love with their art."

"Well, after that first tour?"

"Why, we came and played in the English provinces; and next I joined Augustus Harris's Italian Opera Company at Drury Lane. This was the season of 1887—the season when the De Reszkes first sang at Drury Lane. Then America for two seasons, Covent Garden for three seasons in succession—that brings me to the end of the present summer."

"And never a disaster to the train by which you were travelling—nothing of the thrilling sort?"

"Didn't I warn you to that effect? Still, wait a minute—was I not almost burned in Boston? I had been curling my hair—upon my word, I have no secrets!—and somehow the lamp set me on fire. Vanity—so perhaps it was a judgment. I was much scared, and a good deal burnt, only the burning left no scars: Still more vanity! What will cure us?"

"Were you able to continue playing?"

"Now, how could I make love with my hands swathed in white cotton? Oh dear, no! It was too ridiculous—as absurd as my situation when we arrived in Glasgow one Sunday and I couldn't get my boxes to the hotel until next day. What sort of a being is a woman without her boxes? Ah, but I have long ago forgiven Glasgow for that trick!"

"What are the differences which have struck you as between English and American audiences?"

"An unknown artist would perhaps regard an American audience as rather chilly. There is a wait before recognition comes, while an



MISS MARIE ENGLE AS BAUCIS IN "PHILÉMON ET BAUCIS."

Photo by Elliott and Fry, Baker Street, W.

English audience makes acquaintance at once. Of course, if you go to America with a name you are received on the strength of that name. In America I was at home, and soon you made me feel at home here. London?—I like London immensely; where else is there such a place?"

It certainly is one of the merits of London that it has attracted Miss Marie Engle.

OTHER PEOPLE'S PETS.

Geographically speaking, Covent Garden is far removed from the tropics; yet, as some of the native denizens of hot countries recognise that the Market cannot come to them, they come to the Market. How they arrive it is not necessary to consider, but when they reach the end of the Arcade—once a fashionable parade, now almost deserted—they go up some stone steps and find themselves in one of the few roof-gardens in town. Whatever their species, be they birds, reptiles, or fishes, a vivid imagination will be all they require for complete happiness. In miniature the native surroundings return to them; food is regular and supplied gratis, they can hear opera in Covent Garden during the season, and in the streets below, at early morning, “the finest flow of langwidge ever ‘eard.” The advantages to the common or garden parrot of commerce, to take a single example, must be unspeakable. The roof-garden is the property of Robert Green, naturalist, florist, horse-dealer, job-master, and many other things, with a big business in the market, another at Bryanston Square, and other huge establishments by Ealing and Windsor. His dealings in birds, reptiles, and fish, with which this article is mainly concerned, are comparatively insignificant compared with the trade in flowers and horses. The roof-garden at the end of the Covent Garden Arcade is, nevertheless, full of interest to wealthy collector or impecunious naturalist, and both are welcome. As I come away from a visit to this place, I say, “I would I were a bird, or a fish, or a baby alligator, in Robert Green’s aviary or aquarium, with nothing to do, plenty to eat, and a heap of nice people to come and admire me. It must be a jolly life.”

When the traveller climbs the steps, he finds fish and reptiles on the left, birds on the right in a special department, and some big plants of the palm, myrtle, and orange kind in tubs at short intervals. Hummum’s, scene of many an early breakfast after Covent Garden Balls, stares at him from across the way, while, turning completely round, he can see the Arcade through the glass. An odour of fruit and vegetable is wafted abroad; in the height of summer the waft is not all lavender. But the traveller need not consider such a matter; there are so many things more worthy of notice. A big raven, in cage befitting his size, is, perhaps, the most prominent attraction for the casual visitor; the man who has been there before will look carefully at the different plants. On various branches, quite at liberty, he will find various reptiles, perhaps a chameleon enjoying the sun, and a few green Australian frogs, and a lizard or two, all creatures given to assimilating with their surroundings so completely that a practised eye is required for their detection. The manager will tell you that they allow a number of harmless curiosities to roam about in the open while the weather is fine enough, and the general appearance of the strange visitors improves considerably under conditions of practical liberty. Take a tree-frog under glass and compare its colour with that of the one sitting comfortably on the branch of an orange-tree: the difference is striking. The chief purchasers of all the strange creatures are wealthy amateurs, whose hobby is directed to the establishment of a small private edition of the “Zoo.” Perhaps of all the living things to be seen the birds are the most interesting, on account of the many branches of the department devoted to their care.

It is not the variety of birds for sale that attracts attention, although there is a fine collection, and the colours are in many cases brilliant.

Mr. Green has extended the familiar fashion of looking after dogs and cats during their owners’ absence from town, and receives the birds of holiday-makers. Undoubtedly this branch of his work is more amusing than profitable, for the pets require such an amount of attention as surprises an outsider. Let the experienced manager speak for himself.

“You have to be very careful indeed,” he said, “when dealing with other people’s pets. Take a good grey parrot, for instance. His owners, clients of ours, are going out of town, and want us to take care of him. We take the bird at their risk, but, of course, do all we can on the owners’ behalf. On this account the man who goes to fetch

the bird learns all about his habits, what he eats, when he eats, and a number of other petty details, all necessary to be understood when associated with a sensitive bird. One is perhaps accustomed to be fed with tit-bits from the table, another with toast dipped in tea, a third with bread dipped in coffee. We make a note of all particulars, and follow them up with minute care; consequently, we are successful in looking after them. If we varied the treatment to which a bird is accustomed ever so slightly, it would sulk, lose colour, quarrel with food, and probably die. Consider for a moment the accumulated attention required for some dozens of birds, and you will confess that there is more than the usual amount of worry entailed. Birds are perhaps the most sensitive domestic pets.

“We are very busy during the summer with this class of work,” continued the manager; “and, by the time the last of the pets has been restored, the other work of stocking aviaries and getting rare foreign birds for private collectors comes in again. We keep nearly everything out here, but, when the weather sets in cold and severe, have accommodation for the stock at such temperature as may be required. The cold nights want most watching. A single sudden frost, could it catch us unprepared, would work no end of damage in every department.”

A careful inspection of the birds, although rudely disturbed by a crow from the Antipodes, who will say “Who are you?” in aggressive tone, reveals their healthy condition and prompts a question. It is repeated by the manager as an introduction to the answer.

“Do they ever get ill? Of course, they do; but we have a splendid bird-doctor on the premises, a man with twenty years’ experience, who can tell at a glance what is wrong. He has a big local reputation; but I can’t ask him to explain his work, because he has just been called away to attend to a sick bird. The patient belongs to Miss Florence St. John. Change of climate affects birds, and without proper treatment it would be impossible to rear rare specimens. We make a speciality of bird-doctoring, just as we do of bird-housing at holiday times.”

The brief conversation was followed by another stroll through all the departments, a short interview with the raven, and an investigation of proceedings following the sudden arrival of some thousands of tiny American Bass, which were promptly removed from the dark and ugly tanks that are used in transit and placed in various highly embellished receptacles, with fountains and cork ornaments, and a constant supply of running water that would delight the heart of the people whose money furnishes dividends to the shareholders in the East End Water Company. The garden is an interesting place, and has no Metropolitan rival, while the facilities for looking after the rarer kinds of pets are novel and excellent.



THE PICTURE OF DESPAIR.

Photo by Sarony, New York.

CARP-FISHING.

During the long, blazing days, and warm, tranquil evenings carp-fishing is in its perfection. It is the most contemplative phase of the contemplative man's recreation; also it is one of the least familiar as an experience, for the majority of carp are taken by the net. To capture big ones by rod and line is a comparatively rare episode, but a delightful one, being the triumph of skill and patience over a fish which deserves now, as much as he did in the days of Izaak Walton, the sobriquet of "the water-fox."

Patience indeed is required. He who would "basket" a big carp must "find within his soul" not one, but many "drops of patience." That, however, is part of the charm which, at the warm, languorous time, carp-fishing offers to the man who takes things easily and is unaffected by the fuss and flurry which to the majority are synonymous for *fin de siècle*. As a recreation, it can be recommended to those staying at a dull country-house which possesses behind its gardens an ancient fish-pond dating, perhaps, from monastic days, in that vanished England when it was a necessity and flesh- and fish-days were distinct under sharp and enforced penalties; or when one is staying at a lonely inn hard by a river which, though offering none of the noble race of *Salmonidae*, has an old-world, traditional reputation for holding carp which none of the most ancient inhabitants have ever seen. River carp are finest in flavour, as rarest. Meres, lakes, and humble ponds wherein, in each and all alike, the splendid water-lily unfolds its shield-like green leaves and ample white blossoms, are the usual haunts of the fish.

A fish this which was far more highly esteemed in the past centuries down to the last than now, yet still possessing, when treated with culinary skill, edible charms of its own, and certainly, putting this view of the question aside, one of the handsomest trophies of skill which the angler's creel can hold. Yellowish-olive, deeper on the back, with a slight hue of gold on the sides, and violet-brown fins, it is a handsome fish alike in shape and colour; when seen glancing through the tranquil waters, and sometimes coming up to the surface, its appearance is imposing. It is one of those fish as to whose longevity there are all sorts of stories, which you may read in the books on fishing, but, after deducting the customary grain of salt, there is no doubt that, like many other torpid, slow-blooded creatures, the carp attains a great age. However, the angler does not want to catch one of these veterans. A young fish of good size satisfies all his requirements.

It is in such pieces of still water, great or small, as I have already mentioned, that the angler usually finds his chance, and the ideal place for carp-fishing.

At the hour of eve, or, if the angler be of Spartan virtue, at that of dawn (your early risers, however, make themselves so aggressively virtuous that their mental temperament hardly accords with that of the gentle angler), the best prizes are won. Still, one has known during the long afternoon hours, successes. Carp, like all other fish, are whimsical. Like some illustrious personages, they change their minds, specially in the matter of bait. For here we enter on a wide category. Custom, precedent, and experience unite in deeming a bread-paste flavoured with honey the staple lure for the carp. So it is in most cases. But sometimes they will not look at it. Then you must run through these varied items—worms, young lettuce-leaves, cherries, gentles, and small new potatoes. And the last is often a most killing bait. He who tries for carp should be adequately stocked with each. But in my own experience the honey-paste, made by squeezing stale bread in water till dry, and working it up with cotton-wool and honey, and a small new potato, or portion of a big one, will usually capture a fish. That is to say, if you use the daintiest gut-line, with a medium-sized hook, the tiniest quill float, a long cane rod, and a sufficiency of fine running-line.

You stroll down in the afternoon to the mere or pond (whether the more or less dignified name be applied to it), and thank your stars if nobody else staying in the house cares for fishing. If a few gentle jokes have been made at your expense as to the difficulty of getting any of the carp (which are always of a fabulous size) save by the net, so much the more is your ambition stimulated. You prepare your tackle, and lightly insinuate your bait between the weeds or water-lilies, or just outside. There lie the big fish. You sit down on your camp-stool—you will have plenty of time for reflection. You have, of course, so adjusted your tiny float that the bait is near the bottom. And then you wait. After a long wait, if no sign of activity presents itself, you most stealthily withdraw your line and gently throw it in elsewhere. On glide the hours, but they are tranquil and, when solaced by Queen Nicotine, very enjoyable. Towards evening a breeze ruffles the still water. Then may you hope. By-and-by the float moves—in different fashion, however, to that experienced in most branches of bait-fishing, for it does not go under water. Gradually it becomes, from perpendicular, horizontal, lies flat and tremulous on the water—sure sign this to the experienced eye that a carp is at the bait. He takes it not bitingly, but suckingly, if I may use the word, and really nowadays so many liberties are taken with our mother-tongue that this is a venial one. For delicately, tentatively, a big carp sucks down the bait, especially when good old honey-paste holds the field. After a decent interval you turn your wrist and drive the steel home. Once in, 'twill stick—the lip is tough, in exact opposition to the fragile one of the grayling. Now comes the task (which is usually a long one) of getting your carp judiciously out of the weeds into the clear water. But this successfully done, you may congratulate yourself, and, when well cooked, all who eat it will agree with Dame Juliana's axiom of four hundred years ago that the carp "is a deynntous fysshie."

F. G. WALTERS.

HORS D'ŒUVRES.

The late events connected with the external and internal affairs of the United States may seem serious and alarming to those devotees of that blessed word Democracy who have maintained that the Great Republic is a State differing not only in degree, but in kind, from all others; to the historical observer they are familiar incidents following in natural sequence. The loud-mouthed diplomacy, the soaring plans of territorial aggression, the vague bellicosity that never gets translated into war, are parts of the same stage of development that shows itself internally in strike wars, and domineering police, and half-disciplined "deputies" shooting wildly into an ignorant mob of imported aliens. In a word, the country that arrogates to itself the name of its continent is not by any means so civilised as it supposes itself to be, and is finding out that a good many of the Old World institutions that it has despised have their value after all.

The average Man is, after all, not greatly progressive in any nation. In many nations and tribes his aim is to remain stationary, or even to recur to the past; witness China and parts of India, not to mention Mohammedans everywhere. Civilisation has become a habit in the nations of Western Europe, but even in these it is not too secure. Our barbaric instincts are prowling round the borders of our orderly society, and are capable of taking advantage of the weakness of the frontier guard to break in, like the Goths and Vandals, and "hunt the bear in the trim parterre," as Russell chronicled and Calverley recited. Standing armies, law-courts, established churches, diplomacy, aristocracies, are all so many barriers against barbarism. Some of them are barbarous enough themselves, but the Roman Empire long ago showed how to repel outer barbarian by half-barbarian. The Russian bureaucracy is not beautiful, but what would an anarchy of moujiks be like?

Now, the early enthusiasts of the American Commonwealth thought that, by bringing a race of high political development to a rich virgin soil, they would solve the painful problems of Old World government. And at first it seemed so. The material progress of the country was enormous, and has continued to be so, as is natural when scientific effort is applied to unexhausted natural resources. But material progress is not everything. When two races of differing civilisations meet, we know that each tends to grow like the other. The Gaul Latinised and civilised the Frank, the Frank Teutonised and barbarised the Gaul, and the two blended into the French nation. And this assimilation is true to a less degree of the meeting of an old race with a new country. The Americans have carved their country into modern scientific forms, but the country has carried them back towards primeval habits of mind. They have slaughtered out the buffalo, and are killing out the grizzly, but there is a certain shagginess of national temper left from the strife.

The citizens of the United States (or rather, the really progressive part of them) are finding now, to their apparent disgust, that they are confronted by very nearly the same problems as torment the decrepit, enslaved, and priest-ridden States of Europe; and they are in process of discovering, to their greater dissatisfaction, that the corrupt institutions of those decaying countries seem somehow to enable them to deal more easily with the same difficulties.

The first French Republic used to hector other nations by its untrained diplomatists, and for a time with great success; but France learnt, among other very expensive lessons, that discourtesy never pays, and returned to the ways of tradition. England, at the end of the Great French War, had her riots of half-starved and ignorant workmen, her shootings and so-called "massacres," but she got over her trouble in the violent form, and it has now quieted down to the more peaceful though still dangerous practice of employers or employed stopping the wheels of industry in order to grind their own axe. The present system is nothing to boast of, but it is more civilised than the past. Germany, in the Middle Ages, had her secret lawless law-courts that did rough justice on the offender too powerful or too rich to be touched by the ordinary machinery; but the *Vehmgerichte* has been extinct for centuries. All nations have been violently protectionist at some time or other, and their tariffs have been often absurdly iniquitous and ruinously unstable. But with time has come wisdom, except in the most backward countries.

The United States have come in for all these diseases of infancy at once. Mr. Sherman's diplomacy, aggressions on neighbouring countries in the name of freedom—it is France a century ago. Labour wars and sanguinary affrays—the Luddites over again! The Dingley Tariff—a sort of collection of all the illiberal absurdities of the past! No wonder intelligent Americans are annoyed, and even ashamed, like a grown man who is laid up with measles. They feel they are far too civilised for such childish ailments. So they are, but their nation is not.

It is all the fault of the new country. The old settled parts are quiet enough, and reasonable enough. Boston does not rage furiously nor imagine vain things. When Chicago is as Boston—MARMITON.

THE WORLD OF SPORT.

ATHLETICS.

The London Press Sports did not attract a very showy lot of competitors this year, and the days are past when George Crossland put on the shoe at Herne Hill, as he did some years ago, in a three-mile handicap; but one is bound to confess that in the fifth annual meeting the newspaper,

Cowdray Park is about six miles from Goodwood racecourse, not far from Petworth, and quite close to Midhurst. The house only came into the Egmont family in 1843, and is a mere lodge compared with the palatial structure that once stood there for the Montagu family. A disastrous fire at the end of last century destroyed its fine galleries, and now there remains only picturesque, ivy-clad ruins. The park at Cowdray is celebrated for its avenues of fine old trees and a lovely mere buried in woodlands.



THE LONDON PRESS SPORTS: THE FINISH FOR THE HUNDRED YARDS.

Photo by Eustace Gray, Upper Clapton.

printing, and allied trades were fairly represented, and that, after all, is the main object desired by the hard-working promoters.

There were six events on the card, and it may be said at once that the cycling competitors attracted by far the most attention. W. Piddington, of *Answers*, rode a splendid race in the five miles bicycle championship of the Press. When the bell rang, Stolte, of the *Daily Chronicle*, appeared to have his men well in hand, but he had to be content in the end with second place, there being a good length separating him from the winner. The young men of the wheel who play so important a part in the circulation of our evening journals were in strong force at Herne Hill when this big event was being decided, and the winner came in for a most cordial reception. The century sprint fell to W. Schuler, who had five yards' start, and he breasted the thin white line a foot ahead of his namesake. The obstacle race had many drawbacks, especially to the competitors, one of whom had to be removed on a stretcher before W. H. Owen, of *Illustrated Bits*, got safely home an easy winner. In the open mile W. J. Fowler was on the scratch mark, but he had no chance with A. H. Moon, who got 145 yards' start, and won by a dozen. The 300 yards handicap fell to C. Cawthorne, of the *Standard*, and the mile cycle handicap went to J. J. Stolte, of the *Daily Chronicle*, who got 50 yards' start, and headed the second man by a couple of lengths.

RACING NOTES.

It is a remarkable fact that horses belonging to non-betting owners often disappoint the public—in fact, oftener than those do which are owned by big plungers. Perhaps the secret of the business is that following owners' money is the best guide to success. Anyway, five out of six of the favourites that are made favourites entirely by public investments get beaten, and even the professional plungers have found this out to their cost of late. Another theory, and one which many thinkers incline to, is that horses not backed by their owners are always ridden right out, and, as a consequence, they are often badly handicapped.

The late Lord Egmont never took a very great interest in horse-racing, but he generally used to have a party at Cowdray Park for Goodwood Races, so that he may be said to have been interested in the social side of the Sport of Kings, which side is growing stronger with years, by the way.

One of the features of the Turf during the last fortnight has been the failure of several mains thrown by the Grateley stable controlled by Captain Bewicke. This clever combination, numbered amongst which is Mr. Cresswell, the giant Guardsman and immensely wealthy sportsman, had up till recently scarcely made a mistake this year, so the undoing of their coups has been all the more noticeable. Backers stand in such awe of this stable when the money is down that they generally follow the lead blind, and on the whole they must be thankful. Luck proverbially runs in streaks, and Captain Bewicke and his associates are just now experiencing the ill-luck that visits most people in turn. Such a well-managed stable is sure to "come again" and secure the spoils for which it seeks in such 'cute fashion.

Very few sportsmen are surprised to find that Galtee More has gone out in the betting for the Cesarewitch, and he will have to be a good horse to win at the weights. The pace in this race is such a cracker from start to finish that many a good horse is done for at the Bushes, and I shall expect to see Galtee More crack when he reaches the bottom of the hill. Good accounts continue to reach me of Soliman, a well-bred horse that can stay for a week; he is doing his gallops on good healthy downs at Stockbridge, and he will beat more than beats him on the day of the race. Soliman is very likely to start favourite on the eventful day.

If Marco were reserved for the Cambridgeshire, I think the horse would win, but, of course, Mr. Luscombe would like the animal to win the long-distance handicap if possible, as it would be such a good advertisement for him. The foreign animals may have to be reckoned with in the Cambridgeshire. Voter and Tokio II. are a likely pair to run well, but I cannot see that either has an advantage in the matter of weight. The City people are going for the Rothschild colours, and the best of the bunch must go close. At present the race has a very open appearance and the winner will take some finding.

Lord Zetland, report says, has sickened so much of racing that he is going to sell off his horses in training at the end of the present season. He is a good sportsman and trains at Newmarket. CAPTAIN COE.



THE OBSTACLE RACE AT THE PRESS SPORTS.

Photo by Eustace Gray, Upper Clapton.

SOCIETY ON WHEELS.

When to light up:—Wednesday, Sept. 22, 6.58; Thursday, 6.56; Friday, 6.54; Saturday, 6.51; Sunday, 6.49; Monday, 6.47; Tuesday, 6.44.

We read and hear much about the advantages of the single-tube over the double-tube tyre, and the former, undoubtedly, has several good points; for instance, it is light, it is resilient, it is fast, and it is seldom punctured. But when it does get punctured it gives about as much trouble as a tyre can give. So, at least, all my friends who ride single-tube tyres tell me, and so I have found out for myself. My last puncture occurred quite lately, and it has given more trouble than any of its predecessors. Having discovered the futility of striving to mend single-tube punctures myself, I sent the machine to a bicycle agent in a seaside town, as he declared that he could mend it. Two days later he sent to say that, being unable to repair the puncture, he had sent the wheel to a cycle-maker in a neighbouring market-town, but that the maker had declined to attend to it. Thereupon, I told him to forward the wheel to one of the agents of the particular brand of bicycle that I patronise. He did so. Even the agent for the firm could not repair the puncture, by no means a large one, so there was no alternative but to send the wheel to the London headquarters, a distance of two hundred miles, and now, at the end of three weeks, my wonderful single-tube machine is again fit to be ridden.

If Mr. Piddington, of *Answers*, is a modest young man, he will not care to "let on" a great deal about his recent winning of the five miles championship of the Press at Herne Hill. In making that remark I do not, of course, desire to undervalue the riding of the winner, who covered the distance in 13 min. 14½ sec.; but in an entry of thirty-five riders, confined chiefly to the London district, the title of Press Champion is, on the face of it, rather a large order. Next season the committee may think it desirable to distinguish the champion according to the precise nature of the sports—applying, as it does now, to London more than any other centre.

The brutal assault committed upon Mrs. Catherine Horne last week leads me to warn all lady cyclists very earnestly indeed against riding unattended in unfrequented lanes and thoroughfares. I have heard only recently of six attempts lately made to assault ladies cycling alone; three of the attempts were made by tramps, evidently with a view to robbery, but fortunately help was not far distant, and when the victims began to scream the assailants quickly made off. The assault committed last week was one of an especially odious nature, and if the prisoner is convicted a thorough horsewhipping should be administered, if not by law, then by the lady's husband.

Of late years the trick of strapping the feet to the pedals before starting to race has become very popular among professional as well as among amateur racing-cyclists, and the sooner it is condemned by the laws of cycle-racing, the better. Walter James Whitaker, who has died from the result of a fall sustained at Putney Velodrome lately, is the first victim whose death is in reality directly attributable to this pernicious custom. A fall during a bicycle race is terrible enough under ordinary circumstances, and to add to its danger by strapping one's feet to the pedals, in order to gain a trifling amount of speed, is practically suicidal.

As the popularity of cycling increases, numberless bicycle "livery stables," if the term may pass, spring into existence that ought by right to be immediately suppressed. I have been visiting some of these places, also the machines there let out on hire. Several of the bicycles shown to me and "warranted sound" were quite unfit for work. The owner did not know this until I indicated the flaws to him, and when he had seen them for himself he remarked lightly that he had forgotten to examine the machines since they were last let out, that the persons who

had hired them must have let them fall. No doubt they did, but that is no excuse for letting out on hire a bicycle that will probably collapse and bring its rider to terrible grief. Two of the machines that I examined had cracked tubes, the third had an ill-fitting joint with a flaw right across it. Should an accident occur, the owner of the machine would, of course, be held responsible, but that is scant consolation to the luckless victim lying in bed with a broken limb or a punctured head.

A short time ago a "wedding on wheels" caused no small sensation in one of the West-End streets. It was a novelty, also it was an innovation on the recognised order of marriage festivities. By-and-by we may see the bridal carriage entirely superseded by cycles. Of course, the white satin with Court-train would have to be discarded in favour of a neat white cycling-costume. Also the veil and wreath of orange-blossom might be difficult to control on a breezy day, and could with advantage be left at the bride's home. An Australian cycle agent, however, puts forth the best proposition of all. He advertises that he will "furnish weddings" with a sociable machine so arranged as to be drawn by four bridesmaids by means of silver ropes, and he is prepared to "coach" the bridesmaids as well as the "contracting parties" in the way they should deport themselves upon the auspicious occasion. I rather like that idea—I mean the idea of being drawn to church by four young ladies with silver ropes. Such a mode of progress would exactly suit my artistic temperament. Moreover, it would remind the æsthetic of the car of Venus with its team of doves; in short, it would open up an entire vista of beautiful and poetic thoughts—in fine weather.

I saw lately such a pretty costume. It was designed for the winter season by a famous Scotch tailor. It was composed of rough homespun,

in the most exquisite shade of Indian red flecked with dark blue, but so slightly that it was hardly noticeable. The skirt fastened at the side, and there were three large white buttons on each of the front side-seams. It was not a very full skirt, but was most beautifully cut. The coat was double-breasted, and matched the skirt, the large white buttons in front looking very uncommon. It had a dark-blue cloth collar, and was lined with blue shot silk. The blue velvet 'Tam-o'-Shanter hat which matched this costume had a

bunch of red quills at the side. The whole costume was very smart indeed, and presented a most effective appearance.

The daily Press has for several weeks been flooded with letters on the "cycling danger," chiefly from nervous pedestrians who have been run down by the ubiquitous "scorchers"; and many serious accidents have, without doubt, occurred through the carelessness of incautious riders. But it has been reserved for the medical officer of the Oundle District to discover a new "cycling danger," namely, the spread of infectious disease by cyclists passing from one village to another!

With September ends the tourist and excursion season of the London, Brighton, and South Coast Railway Company, and they are announcing the last cheap Monday excursions to Brighton, Worthing, Hastings, Bexhill, Eastbourne, Seaford, Southsea, Portsmouth, and the Isle of Wight, with a steamboat trip round the island in connection, to run on Sept. 27, the last Saturday excursion to Brighton and Worthing on Sept. 25, and the last Sunday excursions to Brighton, Hastings, Bexhill, Eastbourne, Seaford, Worthing, Arundel, Littlehampton, Bognor, Portsmouth, and the Isle of Wight on Sept. 26.

Messrs. Cassell and Co. are now reissuing in fifteen weekly parts a new and enlarged edition of their well-known work, "The Queen's London." Part I, which is now before me, forms an excellent record, pictorial and descriptive, of the Diamond Jubilee festivities, the illustrations being from photographs by Messrs. Russell and Sons and other photographers. Readers of *The Sketch* will not need to be reminded of the excellence of many of Messrs. Russell's views of the doings of Queen's Day.



THE START FOR THE FIVE MILES BICYCLE CHAMPIONSHIP AT THE PRESS SPORTS.

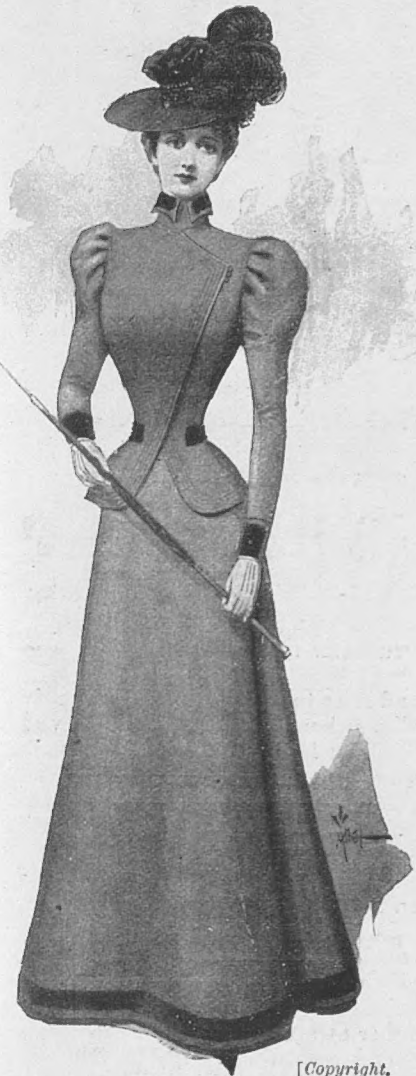
Photo by Eustace Gray, Upper Clapton.

OUR LADIES' PAGES.

VANITIES VARIOUSLY.

A well-informed friend, who finds occasional diversion on the Stock Exchange, informs me that this Indian summer which has put us back at a blow into piqué frocks and sunshades from our recent trappings of fur and tweed, is all due to the feverish temperature induced by the "boom in Americans," whatever that mysterious uplifting may mean.

In trotting some country cousins about the Old Lady of Threadneedle Street, a few days since, it was certainly noticeable that a variety of hatless and highly wrought young men seemed to scurry up and down the precincts of Capel Court in a state of mind that might equally well have denoted despair or rapture, but that Transatlantic traffics could fill the air with so much suppressed emotion is difficult for the mere man in the street to grasp. Allowing it, nevertheless, and that the very elements move in electric sympathy with the House and its tenses, there still remains the problem of what to wear and how to dress up to these unforeseen vagaries of the mercury. Summer, in apparently showing us her heels several weeks ago, was responsible for the packing-up and stowing away of all fragile and airy garments, but in this aftermath of June-like middays, one's calculations are so gone a-gley that between stagnating fashion and surprising weather one is plunged in unsatisfactory bewilderment which may end at any moment, like the marriage service, in "amazement." Certainly the hats that encumber milliners' windows at the moment are productive of nothing else but that disturbing quantity, oscillating as they seem to do between half-a-dozen different modes, yet nevertheless



[Copyright.]

THE NEWEST JACKET.

less partaking distinctively of none of these, while the garments which have neither resolved themselves into capes, mantles, or jackets, yet seem to suggest all three, are even, if possible, more upsetting as *demi-saison* forecasts of to be or not to be. The coat and skirt are, after all, one's safest all-round autumn investment—the useful, necessary, harmless tailor-made, which leaves no doubt in our minds as to its utility or becomingness, provided always it is unimpeachably made, with jacket of immaculately moulded seams and skirt whose flowing lines are the delight and distinction of its wearer. Among novelties of the tailor-made tribe is this illustrated, which, built of the new shade in bright dark-emerald covert-coating, has waist-belt, collar, and cuffs in a deeper tone of Lyons velvet; the jacket is quite close-fitting, made with a small basque, and fastens down the right side from neck to hem. Five rows of stitching at edges of skirt and jacket give a smart finish. In tan cloth or grey, with velvet "fixings," as the backwoodsmen say, to match, this style would make excellent effect as well. For morning-hats to go with the autumn tailor-made none are more suitable than the various forms of Tyrolean, two of the best being reproduced here. It is said that the Prince of Wales brought various specimens of native headgear from Marienbad, with the probable result of popularising these styles at home, for both men and ladies. My illustrations have been taken, like war-correspondents' efforts of memory, "on the spot." One, a drab felt, with turned-back brim on the left side, held in place by one large button, is similar to several brought back by Princess Louise from the same halcyon spot, while a second is of the old Tyrolean type, with rolled-up brim back and sides, the front drooping somewhat over the forehead. A couple of guinea-fowl or partridge-wing feathers are tucked into the velvet band laid around the crown. Long boots, which fasten up to twelve and eleven buttons, have now quite superseded shoes with well-equipped cyclists. The fashion hails in the first instance from Paris, that fountain-head of all devices feminine, and will decidedly prevail over here, as being more appropriate to winter weather than shoes, even when flanked by gaiters, which are always more or less clumsy about the instep and ankle. The cyclist's

foot-warmer is the last device for pedalling luxuriously along frost-bound roads, and consists of a rigid toe-case, if it can be called so, of pigskin, which is lined with a double layer of soft, thick flannel. It is screwed on to the pedal in place of the rat-trap, and should turn out to be a most comforting contrivance. In view of the puffy labours entailed on cyclists when negotiating hilly country, some thoughtful, and, no doubt, very interested, person has also evolved a neat little apparatus, which is euphoniously called a "hill-climber." There is a spring and a hook, not to mention other parts of a doubtless satisfactory arrangement; but my private and quite unexpressed opinion is, notwithstanding this, that the only way to get your bicycle easily and pleasantly uphill is to see it brought up by someone else—a plan which I have also found to apply during winters in Switzerland to that excellent sport of tobogganing, which loses half its thrills if, when arrived at the bottom, one has to trail coaster or Canadian uphill oneself.

All new designs for cycling-frocks are noticeably made in the divided manner. It has been proved the safest, and smartest as well. An all-round skirt never hangs in the same manner as that with a division. A new gown made by Thomas, of Brook Street, falls straight down in front and at sides. A wide pleat on each side conceals the division at back. Treble rows of stitching outline the hem of skirt and short jacket with its rounded basques slightly scalloped. Both lapels and a large, rounded collar, turned up behind, are of blue velvet, bordered with a narrow silver cord, the material being a shepherd's plaid in black and white, which is at the moment a very favourite and seasonable mixture.

Quite a charming little autumn gown, most simple and effective, is that rendered here in a black-and-tan flannel, the pin-stripes being of the former colour. It is a new pattern among many brought out by the well-known makers alluded to last week. Lined with sapphire and taffetas, it makes a useful knockabout frock, which is, at the same time, smart enough for most October occasions which do not include formal tea-parties in town.

How to be happy in wet weather is one of the questions which holiday-makers in most places have had to interpret to their own satisfaction lately, and, from accounts of recent proceedings at Biarritz,



[Copyright.]

A BLACK AND TAN "B. AND M." FLANNEL FROCK.

where various acquaintances are at present disporting themselves, I gather that gambling, even in the mild manner permitted by *petits chevaux*, has seized so many lady visitors by the hip that the very croupiers have involuntarily altered the classic legend to "*Mesdames, faites vos jeu, s'il vous plait*"—so much are rainy afternoons responsible

for! Crowds of visitors make the little Pyrenean watering-place gay at this time of year, and King Alexander's visit to Queen Natalie gives extra impetus to a very full season at the moment. The Casino, with its perfect floor, is largely used for private parties, and at a ball given there last week by M. de Vallin, who heads the list of "entertaining men" at Biarritz, the cotillon was a model of "well-done" and lavish hospitality. Princess Charles Vignatelli, who was one of the pretty women present, wore a lovely ball-gown of yellow gauze, belted with silver and embroidered about the bodice with tiny silver paillettes. Mdle. de Radowitz, who is the daughter of the German Ambassador at Madrid, was another of the especially well dressed, wearing white satin with fine pearl embroideries; and Princess Kotchoubey, somewhat reminiscent of that famous young woman in "A Night Out," wore black tulle over satin very much bespangled.

A place not too well-known, and, on that account, all the more pleasant for occasional holidays, either in autumn or spring, is Château d'Oex, where the sun at this moment bestirs himself so brilliantly that one is almost tempted to make a dart Rhone Valley-wards and back with the sole object of basking in the beams which have left other parts of Europe so severely alone for the past six weeks. One hotel supplies all the wants of voyagers to this elevated Eden, and even here the cyclist wheels his inconsequent way, while tennis tournaments and dancing vary the September programme of mountain-climbing and expeditions of all sorts to surrounding "lions." A remote cousin sends me several underlined pages on the charms of a musical ride in which she took part last week, much to the edification of visitors at Château d'Oex and open-mouthed villagers, who look on these energetic sporting English as very strange people indeed. The ride was an evening function, and the girls, all in white, made, I am credibly informed, "a very pretty picture," particularly when formed in teams and driven four-in-hand by two enterprising young men, Messrs. Montgomery and Fitzgerald, who, "also on bicycles and also in white," handled their wheeling freights respectively with extreme skill "and aplomb"—whatever that, under the circumstances, may have meant.

Returning to the rather meagre muttons of fashion as she is at the moment, I may advise those on the look-out for early ideas in the matter of autumn gowns that "tabs," rounded or square, are a form of trimming which we shall see more of on cloth dresses as the season advances. One of the prettiest costumes in a very complete trousseau which has just been sent up to Scotland was a little travelling-gown of dove-grey face-cloth. The button-over sacque bodice, so becoming to slight figures, had four rounded tabs, or scollops, which buttoned on the left shoulder. A little basque, daintily edged with bias velvet, was belted in with a filigree silver belt, and a hat of grey felt in the new Mousquetaire shape was embellished with a *rouleau* of gathered velvet and two lamb's-tail ostrich feathers in tones of shaded grey.

In Paris skirts are made with five and six gores respectively. The latter, measuring about four and a-half yards round, is the most popular. Horsehair interlining is *de rigueur*, and, to give additional "spring" to these skirts, French modistes stitch the horsehair in with each seam, as, while perfectly flat and tight about hips and back, the newest skirts are more buoyant and irrepressible than ever at the hem.

Hair-dressing has undergone so many evolutions within the past six months that it became a puzzle to define its limitations, seeing how steadily one's coils ascended to the top of one's head. Now that we are wearing early Victorian loops on the very apex of the crown, there is a tendency towards untidy locks which stray down over the collar. Those little

curls which disposed of oddments in back-hair are *démodé* too, so, to meet the situation, Frenchwomen use a brooch or clasp, with which all errant locks are confined. Diamond brooches are used in this manner for evening wear, and gold, silver, or tortoiseshell clasps, more or less ornamental, are worn in the daytime.

An important addition to toilet accessories is the introduction of a new soap known as the Erasmic, which, besides giving a delicious perfume when used, is proved to be a

very valuable emollient for the skin. Of the many new soaps which are constantly introduced to a public famous for its washing propensities, not many are really worth special notice; but among the select few worthy a place on the marble wash-stand of the British public, Erasmic Soap may be truly said to rank; its fragrance on one hand, and healing, healthy action on the skin on the other, should bring it

into immediate requisition as the one (other) thing needful for our perfect comfort and well-being.

While on the domesticities, I may add, by the way, that for some persons who never, under any circumstances, use soap on the face, because of sensitive or delicate skin, an old recipe, dating back as far as Charles II. of merry memory, was given me a short time since as a substitute for the modern method of soap, and one with which long-gone beauties were wont to successfully anoint their faces. It is a mixture of rose-water, tincture of benzoin, and myrrh, but whether the virtues



TWO VERSIONS OF THE TYROLEAN HAT.

[Copyright.]

ascribed to it of summoning roses and lilies to the cheek *ad lib.* are fact or poetry, I cannot say. Personally, I should lean to the side of water and Erasmic. We have all heard those legends of peerless beauties, several of whom are still extant, who use any or every concoction rather than cold water on their cuticle; but the notion is an unpleasant one. One could not yearn to embrace an—aunt, for instance, with never such blooming cheeks, did one positively know that vaseline or *lait virginal* had done the duty of pipe-water and towels for long years!

Here is a reproduction of the fitted suit-case which has just been made for the King of Siam by the Alexander Clark Manufacturing Company, of Oxford Street. It is made of selected crocodile-skin, lined throughout with pigskin, and fitted with a most elaborate set of toilet and travelling requisites in very choice African ivory and finest cut-glass with silver mounts. The inside leather fittings are all of crocodile-skin *en suite*, the whole of the fittings being emblazoned with his Majesty's monogram enamelled in colours and mounted on a gold shield.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

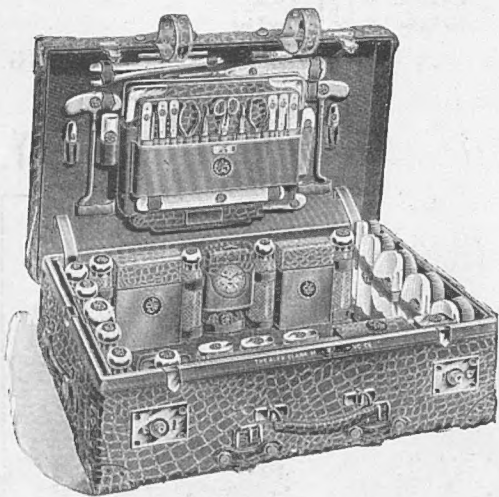
BETTY B. (Hounslow).—(1) Red tartan silk blouses would go admirably with your brown tailor-made. Plaid and checked silks of all kinds will be worn for that purpose. A very useful style of coat is that which can be worn open or buttoned over as the weather may demand. (2) Yes; sable neckties will be quite fashionable, but, if yours is only the single skin, with one head and tail, it could be brought up to date by sending it to some good furrier, like the International Fur Store, Regent Street, who would bring it up to date by the addition of one or more extremities; being Russian sable, it would, of course, be quite worth it. (3) Copper palm-pots would be in better style than brass, as the sideboard plenishings are in that metal. Hewetson, of Tottenham Court Road, would supply them at a moderate cost.

LINDA (Galway).—(1) You will forgive me for setting you right in a small matter of no particular moment, but the old Berkeley Hunt colour was mustard-yellow, not black and red. I don't know that sponge-lined saddles are preferable for ordinary use, but, in the event of a tender back, they are certainly a preventative when soaked with an astringent or disinfectant. (2) You would get the whip from Champion and Wilton, of Oxford Street, who would also give you much better and more technical information on the subject of your postscript than I, not being a "professional," could attempt.

ELISE (Buxton).—I am very pleased to answer questions, whether from mistress or maid, and much admire your zeal in wishing to convert the sable lining of an overcoat into a fashionable cape. While conceding many possibilities to a clever Parisian maid, however, I hardly think this within successful realisation. Russian sable should only be manipulated by experts, and your mistress would be better advised in submitting such a costly covering to the skill of experienced furriers—Jay's, for instance, or Peter Robinson, or the International Fur Store, any of whom would restore and remodel the fur to the shape required.

COUNTRY COUSIN.—(1) There is plenty going on at Malta, as your friends have no doubt told you, and evening-frocks would therefore play an important part in your outfit. You should take four, at least, and five if the money will stretch so far, one black and another white; yellow is to be very fashionable, and a bright blue should suit you. I can send you the addresses of good dressmakers who are not too expensive, if you require them, but the letter should reach me not later than Friday. (2) Tidman's Sea Salt is the best substitute for sea-water that I know of.

SYBIL.



BAG MADE FOR THE KING OF SIAM.

CITY NOTES.

The next Settlement begins on Sept. 28.

THE MONEY MARKET.

In the absence of any alteration in the official rate of discount by the Bank of England directors on Thursday last, there was an easier tendency for money in the market. The Bank Return for the week showed some rather important movements. Gold to the value of £454,000 was taken out for export, but, owing to a return of sovereigns from the provinces, the net falling off in the bullion was only £52,129. There was a decrease of £291,425 in the note circulation, thus making an addition to the reserve of £239,296. "Other" securities showed an increase of £489,390, and "other" deposits rose to £601,692. The net result of the alterations was a decrease of 0.29 per cent. in the proportion of reserve to liabilities, to 51.71 per cent.

WAIHI GOLD.

Some very pertinent questions have been put to us by a correspondent regarding the readjustment of the capital of this company. What he particularly wants to know is whether he ought to sell his shares as soon as they are quoted *ex rights*. We do not think so. In point of fact, they are already quoted "*ex rights*," and the equivalent price of the two kinds now is better than what previously ruled for the old shares, though the calculation is somewhat intricate. The company has 400,000 tons of developed ore in sight, and is about to commence crushing on a very large scale. The stamping power at the mine is to be increased to a great extent, and it is for this purpose that the fresh issue of capital has been made. Not on our own responsibility, but on that of one qualified to speak, we have the statement that the Waihi is going to be "one of the biggest things in the world." When we said that was rather a tall order, our informant admitted that it was so, but added, "I stick by it."

In our issue of July 14 last we published a long and full account of the Waihi mine from our New Zealand correspondent, which, written from notes made upon the spot, will amply repay perusal by anyone interested in the mine.

YANKEES.

There has been a regular see-saw movement going on in this department of late. The prices have been in the habit of opening firm and gaining ground until the arrival of quotations from Wall Street, when relapses generally took place. Prices, nevertheless, have been creeping up on balance, and they have now reached a point which calls for great caution to be exercised. Our impression is that quotations are already above their legitimate value, and if the public on this side can only resist the temptation to be lured into the game, they will have no reason to complain of the result. Professional operators, having played with the favourite stocks for all that they are worth, are now taking up some of the lower-priced descriptions for exportation to this side of the Atlantic. Our advice is to give them a wide berth.

A PLEA FOR LEGIBILITY.

Among the letters which we have received for treatment, under the heading of "Answers to Correspondents," this week is one in which we are asked by a correspondent to tell him whether we consider Great Central 1891 Four per Cent. Preference a good permanent investment. We do think so; but why, in the name of common sense, can he not write his pseudonym plainly? We are not giving his name away, so he will excuse our free speaking. He has evidently taken pains to try to make it clear, but has failed. Without showing what was the subject or what was the address of the letter, we have submitted this pseudonym to a number of people perfectly qualified to read legible handwriting. The actual signature we cannot make out at all; the pseudonym has been variously read as "Pinero," "Dinero," "Diners," and "Dinerd." We refer to this particular conundrum, in the first place, because there was an obvious though unsuccessful attempt at legibility; and, in the second place, because we sometimes unwittingly, and certainly unwillingly, hurt the feelings of querists who think that their inquiries have been left unanswered. Take this case as an example. Suppose we reply: "Dinerd.—Yes," and it turns out that his *nom-de-guerre* was something different. He does not recognise the answer to his question and feels himself aggrieved. So we plead strongly for plain writing.

TRADE WITH THE COLONIES.

Mr. Chamberlain's despatch and the replies to it from the Colonies have given rise to a great deal of comment, in spite of the fact that the information is embodied in a portentous Blue-Book which weighs so much that the price of it is 4s. 9d. But we do not know that it is dear at the money. The unanimity of opinion as to our being a day behind the fair is startling. Our own British officials, far and near, in the Colonies, tell us that we do not supply the sort of thing that is wanted, or that we charge too much for it when we do meet the requirements of any country, and so on, until the cumulative weight of the evidence becomes perfectly irresistible. But the most instructive lesson of the matter lies in the very manner of the issue of the information. In Germany or the United States—in fact, almost anywhere else than in England—steps would have been taken to publish to all the invaluable information in this Blue-Book. But we venture to say that not one in a hundred of readers of *The Sketch*, who are interested in financial and commercial matters, have previously heard of the existence of this

Blue-Book, or know anything of its contents. But, all the same, it is a book the study of which will repay the cost to anybody concerned in export or import business.

OUR AFRICAN LETTER.

The following letter, which states pretty fully the position in Johannesburg, should prove of interest to our readers, as it is written from the spot and by our own correspondent, who is in touch with all the important mining magnates. We only hope the views expressed are not too sanguine, for a fresh boom would suit us all very well.

THE POSITION IN JOHANNESBURG.

There is a pretty general, though by no means unanimous, belief in Johannesburg that the present upward movement in Kaffirs is the precursor of another big boom. Some of the men who cling to this belief, it is fair to remark, have been suffering from boom on the brain throughout all the miserable period since the '95 boom burst prematurely just two years ago. The conditions affecting the Rand industry are, in some respects, more favourable than they have been for years, and it may be said at once that the one thing now wanted to justify a great advance in share-values and to re-direct the attention of the European investor to the Transvaal is simply the adoption by the Boer Government of the findings of its own Mining Commission. Only give the mining industry all that is recommended in the report of the Commission, and nothing in the world short of war or dear money can stop a genuine boom.

But certain members of the Government have already proclaimed their hostility to various points in the report, President Kruger himself raising the silly cry that some of the recommendations affect the independence of the Boer Republic. The pith of the whole matter for the Kaffir investor and speculator is really this—How much of the report will be homologated by the Volksraad? Will sufficient economic reforms be conceded to justify a boom, or only a further moderate advance in prices? Is it possible that the Boer may even reject the report in whole or in greater part? The last suggestion is in the highest degree improbable. The finances of the country are admittedly in such a delicate state that even the reactionary Boer is convinced that restoratives are urgently called for—hence the appointment of the Commission. Individual Boers all over the country, too, find themselves impoverished through a series of bad seasons, culminating in the rinderpest plague now scourging the whole of South Africa, and so it has come about that the Boer, as a class, has become persuaded that the speediest, indeed the only, way of filling the depleted coffers of himself and the Republic is to administer a dose of economic reforms to stimulate the one industry of the country.

Reforms are certainly in the air, though the Boer will concede no more than he considers necessary to enable him to extract from the industry five millions a-year for the State and a comfortable living for every burgher in the country. True, the report, signed by reactionaries like Smit, the Railway Commissioner, and Joubert, the Minister of Mines, contains very sweeping reforms, the full significance of which, however, these men have possibly not realised. With regard to dynamite, the proposal virtually is to set aside the obnoxious monopoly and to save fully £200,000 a-year to the industry, and at the same time to put £150,000 additional into the coffers of the State. This proposal is quite acceptable for the present, and is reasonable to all—even the monopoly-holders—but the misfortune is that the spoils of this monopoly are liberally strewed about Pretoria, and will certainly influence votes when the crucial time comes. Similarly with the Netherlands Railway Company. This Amsterdam company hands over 85 per cent. of its profits to the Boer Government—representing £700,000 for last year—and the Commission suggests that £400,000 of this be disgorged by way of a start. Nothing short of the complete expropriation of the railways by the State will satisfy the mining industry, but a reform that involves a rebate of £400,000 to the industry and the carrying out of numerous beneficial details is too good to be brushed aside. Further, the lowering of rates by the Cape and Natal lines is contemplated in the report. Most surprisingly liberal is the proposal that food-stuffs should be entirely free from taxation. In regard to the native labour question, the suggested appointment of a Permanent Advisory Board at the Rand, and in several other matters, the report is distinctly in advance of Boer opinion.

It will be gathered that the reforms involve a very tall order—really too tall to be passed by the Volksraad without some delay, and possibly occasional hitches. If the predicted boom is contingent upon the adoption of the report, or even the greater part of it, it may not come before Christmas, for the Boer is a slow animal, who has no idea of despatch in affairs public or private. The reforms may possibly have to be wrung from him piecemeal. Further, he has learned the arts of lobbying as practised in various other free republics, and some of the very unsophisticated burghers who pose as latter-day patriarchs—the Chosen People the Boers really believe themselves to be—are not unacquainted with the fact that votes may be utilised to their personal advantage. Hence some of the otherwise inexplicable proceedings in the Volksraad.

Though even more of a Sabbatarian than the Scottish Highlander, the Boer, by dint of a little gentle persuasion, was induced last year to legalise the running of the mine batteries on Sundays, and this year he may be persuaded to pass a good instalment of economic reforms, particularly as his own interests and those of the Republic lie that way. He may bluster a bit, and try to temporise, but the capitalist, by virtually stopping the flow of capital into the country till once economic conditions are improved, has given the Boer no alternative but to comply. Working costs have been materially reduced by the mining companies themselves since the beginning of the present year, and profits at many mines have gone up in more than a corresponding ratio. A better grade of ore is being crushed at various mines, and this would seem to point to concerted action to bring about an advance in share-values. Native labour, though only fairly plentiful, is cheaper than it has been since the early days of the fields, but rinderpest, by sweeping away the natives' cattle, promises to make labour cheaper still and abundant. The mining magnates are undoubtedly giving the market their support, and the tone, so far as Johannesburg is concerned, is "bullish." General business in the town is very bad, though an improvement has been noted of late, due to the hopes of reforms. Property in the town has fallen in value by from 30 to 40 per cent., and there are a thousand unlet houses. White unemployed workmen form a novel feature for a South African town. Numbers of these are taking employment at 5s. per day. Hitherto, skilled workmen have generally been able to command 20s. per day. But events move quickly in a new country like the Transvaal, and a really liberal policy at Pretoria would quickly transform the whole town.

WESTRALIAN MINES.

We have received the monthly return for August issued by the West Australian Chamber of Mines. The constitution of the General Committee is such as to show that this body is above suspicion of corrupt motives. The President is Lord Castletown; the Earl of Kintore,

the Earl of Donoughmore, Lord Arthur Butler, and Sir William Ingram are the Vice-Presidents of the Chamber; and the General Committee includes, among many other well-known names, such as those of Mr. F. Faithfull Begg, M.P., Mr. J. W. Broomhead, Mr. Albert F. Calvert, Mr. Philip Mennell, Mr. C. A. Moreing, Mr. Allen Stoneham, Major Ricarde-Seaver, and a number of others, making twenty-seven in all, and the majority of whom are known, some as being mining experts, some as financial experts, and others as having extensive financial connections. Under such management the West Australian Chamber of Mines ought to do very good service to those who are disposed to put their money into ventures of the kind over which the Chamber will keep a watchful eye. The statistics in the monthly return before us leave nothing to be desired, either for painstaking work or for completeness.

HOME RAILS.

This market has lapsed into a lifeless sort of state, and even the announcement of good traffic returns fails to waken it out of its torpor. The declaration of the North British dividend of 1 per cent., with £4000 forward, was hardly up to market expectations, and did not tend to help matters. The chief factors at work against this market are the Labour disputes and the prospects of dearer money. These are both very important in their way, but we cannot but think that their importance is exaggerated, and, so long as the traffic returns keep up in the way they are doing, we see no reason why the market should remain in its present listless condition.

SCOTCH RAILWAYS.

Almost without exception the dividend announcements of the Scotch Railway companies have been disappointing; and to their reports the same remark applies in general. Up to the time of writing we have not, of course, been able to see the report of the North British Company; but it would be difficult to feel any particular enthusiasm over the one per cent. on the Deferred stock, with about £4000 to carry forward, which will compare with the same rate for the corresponding period of last year, when the amount carried forward was £4938. The report will doubtless show, in accordance with precedent, a number of extraordinary anomalies in comparisons of both revenue and expenditure. At Waverley they are nothing if not original. Scotch railway traffic returns for the past half-year have shown very substantial increases, but the companies don't seem to have made much out of them in the way of net profit.

HONG-KONG AND SHANGHAI BANK.

The fact that the capital of this bank is in silver makes it a conundrum, under all the circumstances of the case, to gather from the accounts whether, in any given period, the bank has made ground or lost it. It is the habitual boast of those Anglo-Indian banks that the variations in exchange do not directly affect them, because they adjust their operations to meet the state of affairs at the moment. There is a good deal of truth in this, but the contention must not be implicitly accepted as gospel, and it is preposterous to contend that the wild fluctuations in the price of silver have no important bearing on the profits of a bank whose business is largely based upon complex operations in exchange. The effects may be beneficial or detrimental, according to the capacity of the officials of the bank; but one can only smile at the idea that Indian or Anglo-Indian banks are exempt from the disastrous effects of the fall in silver which are showing themselves everywhere else. The fallacy is an obvious one, and was very well exemplified in the speech of the chairman at the meeting of the Hong-Kong and Shanghai Banking Corporation. It was a clever speech, and besides that, it showed that the Exchange operations of the bank had been cleverly conducted. But where the chairman fell into error, if he were arguing logically on the question of the independence of Indian banks in the matter of exchange fluctuations, was his statement that: "To make up for the shrinkage in the sterling value of our capital, I have great pleasure in stating that the value of our sterling securities in London exceed by £95,890 the amount at which they stood in our books on June 30 last." The remark was a perfectly fair one; it shows the astuteness of the Board in selecting their English investments, but it does not controvert the universal and well-founded belief that Indian bankers are not by any special Providence freed from sharing the unfortunate effects of the fall in silver to a rubbish price.

THE KLONDYKE CRAZE.

It is not much use to reason with mining adventurers in any part of the world, and the temptations of Klondyke are certainly strong. But surely the awful perils of the individual miners ought to be recognised. By all means let people who have money to spare lay it out in making it possible to live on the site of these fields. When a railway has been built to the district, or when any other effective means have been adopted of putting it in communication with civilisation and food, then it will be time enough to think of putting money in on the hope of getting a decent return on it. Here are two Reuter telegrams, which give one some idea of the sort of thing a Klondyke prospector has to deal with. We have italicised the points to which we wish to draw particular attention—

Washington, Sept. 14.

At to-day's sitting of the Cabinet, Mr. Russell Alger, Secretary of War, produced telegrams urging measures of relief for the miners at Klondyke. One of the Tacoma Citizens' Committee stated that *there was already starvation in Dawson City, and begged that a cutter should be sent with supplies to St. Michael on the chance of being able to get up the Yukon.* The Cabinet discussed this proposal, and also the feasibility of sending supplies by way of Dyea.

And still more interesting is the second telegram. It speaks for itself, and comment would be futile—

Ottawa, Sept. 14.

Mr. Letoille, a local electrician and aeronaut, is preparing for a balloon trip to the Yukon goldfields.

Getting at gold-mines by balloons is, indeed, something new in mineralogy.

"THE BANK OF GREAT BRITAIN."

Our readers are aware that we do the best we can to oblige them by answering their queries about financial matters in general to the best of our ability. Can any of them reciprocate this little service by sending us any documents they may have received regarding the "Bank of Great Britain"? We are particularly anxious to know about it, in case it should come into serious competition with the Bank of England, an unpretentious little undertaking which has offices somewhere in the City. Joking apart, we do want all the information we can get about this concern. We express no opinion about it one way or the other; but we think it would be prudent on the part of readers of *The Sketch* to send to us what information they have and ask advice from us, or from any other trusted source, before responding to the blandishments of this "bank." For all we know to the contrary, the thing may be decent enough, but it must be something very fine in the way of banks to justify the title.

DOVER "A."

Why should anybody want to buy "Doras" at their recent or present prices? There may be a reason lying somewhere about behind the scenes; but we can't imagine what it is, except that somebody, returned from his holiday in good spirits and good health, has thought it worth while to take up the stock as a plaything. That is what the public ought to come to understand. The jobber, or professional operator of any kind you like, wants to go away for a holiday. He clears his book, and you hear that such-and-such a stock is weak for such-and-such a reason—any reason, except that a jobber, or an outside operator who has a big "bull" account open, wants to have a quiet holiday. This may not be the case with Dover "A"; but, what on earth is the cause of the rise? It may be justified; *mais, nous verrons!*

Saturday, Sept. 18, 1897.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All letters on financial subjects to be addressed to the "City Editor, *The Sketch* Office, Granville House, Arundel Street, Strand."

Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each month.

R. J. S.—(1) See the paragraph above. (2) We should not advise a purchase of Royal Standard. (3) Henderson's Transvaal Estates are a good holding, in our opinion, for the reasons expressed in a recent issue. (4) New Zealand Mines Trust is in good hands, but there is nothing specially attractive about its immediate prospects.

INVEST.—A fairly good industrial speculation, but there is so very little market that it is rather absurd to talk about prospects of an improvement or the reverse. Before acting up to your *nom-de-guerre*, ask any stockbroker whom you know at what price he could sell fifty shares for you.

ROYER.—We think you had better leave them alone.

IGNORAMUS.—A transfer deed ought to be signed by both parties, in the presence of a witness in each case; but it amounts to the same thing if the signatory points to his signature on the deed and declares it to be his before the witness signs.

BLOOMSBURY.—We should not advise you to touch Canadian Railway securities until definite information comes to hand as to the differential duties on goods passing through Canada to the States.

GRAND TRUNK.—See answer to "Bloomsbury."

ALPHA.—We think that, now that the end of the holiday season is approaching, there is likely to be more activity in the Stock Markets, but where this activity will first show itself it is hard to say. Please choose some other pseudonym; it is too usual, and often leads to confusion.

LATER.—If the information we continue to receive is correct, Gladiator shares should prove a good thing. The reconstruction ought to improve the chances of success, as for some months it has been evident that the money available would probably not be enough to complete machinery and development.

The Lozier Manufacturing Company (The Cleveland Cycle) have removed from 18, Holborn Viaduct, to more extensive premises at 24 to 27, Orchard Street, Oxford Street, W.

Miss Olga Nethersole has rarely, if ever, been seen in London in a purely sympathetic part in a play of the domestic drama genre, and yet this will occur should she present in the West End one of the more recent additions to her repertory, "The Wife of Scarli." This play, which is adapted from "Tristi Amori," by the Italian dramatist Giuseppe Giacosa, Miss Nethersole has performed in America for some little time past, and its reception at Birmingham lately points to its appearance in London, together with "Denise" and other pieces, as soon as Mr. Louis Nethersole has settled his sister's arrangements. The Scarli of the title is a barrister, whose wife Emma, tired of the drudgery of housekeeping, all but falls a victim to her husband's young friend Fabrizio. She is even accused of having perpetrated that which Lady Susan Harabin is thought to have done during that very long sermon in Mr. Jones's play; but, just as in Henry Pettitt's "A Woman's Revenge," the child reunites husband and wife, and thus little Gemma saves from misery Emma and Scarli. On tour Miss Nethersole is supported in this affecting play by Mr. Robert Pateman as Giulio Scarli and Mr. Thomas Kingston as Fabrizio, and her appearance as Emma in town will be looked forward to with interest.